TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL. XLIX. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1881. NO. 2

NASBY IN EXILE.

The Confederate X Roads Sage in Europe.

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V.

Madame Tussaud.

One of the stock sights in London to which every foreigner as well as every man, woman and child from the country who goes to London, does with great regularity, is Madame Tussaud's Museum. It is known the world over and is a regular a thing to see as the Tower.

A great many years ago, some time since the flood, a Swiss woman named Tussaud, who had studied art in Paris, took the brilliant notion into her wise head that money was better than fame, and instead of spoiling marble she commenced doing some very good things in wax. She brought her figures to London and opened a museum, which she added to and enlarged as men and women became of sufficient interest to attract attention, until she got pretty much everybody of whom the world ever heard.

She died many years ago, but the collection was continued by her family, three generations of which have waxed rich and gone to join those whom they put to well in wax in life.

This really wonderful museum, which actually deserves all the attention it gets, is filled with really excellent figures of the entire line of English Kings, dressed in the costumes of the period in which they lived, including arms, although court dresses generally adorn them. As the Tussaud family were, and are, artists, these figures are not the limp, misshapen, grinning effigies usually exhibited, but are really in size, stature, color and general grouping correct.

I cannot say that the effigies of King Edward and Richard, and those other ancient marauders, are correct, for I never saw them in life. They died some years ago. But all you have to do is what Dicken's Marchioness did with the orange peel wine: "Make believe very hard," and they will do. The faces were modeled from portraits, and their dresses were made from actual costumes preserved in the curious repositories of which London is full. The visitor gets some notion of what the subjects were like, and that ought to be and is satisfactory.

You see, standing or sitting, marvellous likenesses of all the great soldiers and statesmen of England, but heavens! how our poor Americans have been shorn! Washington is about as like our Washington as he is like an Ohio River coalboat captain. Pres. Grant has good cause for action for libel, for such a face as they have put upon him could not have been on a third Corporal of the poorest company in the very worst North Carolina regiment, and Pres. Hayes and Garfield have been similarly treated. Franklin is a tolerable likeness of the maker of infernal maxims, but there was a malicious design evident on the part of the artists to dwarf the Americans, as I fancy there was to enlarge and exaggerate the Englishman.

The groups are something wonderful. The Lying-in State of the Czar, a recent addition, is a miracle of naturalness and awful beauty, as is the Death of Pope Pius; and they are so natural that one cannot help feeling that he is in the presence of actual death, and not a counterfeit presentment.

The Museum contains, among other curiosities that are of interest, the identical couch used by Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo, with a vast number of other relics of the great Corsican. From the extent of Napoleonic relics I fancy that the Madam was at heart a Frenchman, though she was making her money from the English.

Great halls are filled with correct statuary in wax of the world's great, or notorious, men, all of which have to be "done," as a matter of course. But the great point, and one which no visitor ever fails to visit is the "Chamber of Horrors." You pay a six pence extra—there is always six pence extra in England—and you are introduced to the most cheerful assemblage of individuals that the world can produce.

If there ever was a murder committed of an especially atrocious description, one done under peculiarly horrifying and terrible circumstances, here is a wax figure of the murderer, and, if possible, of the victim.

There is the original guillotine which made the acquaintance of so many fresh necks during their various revolutions. There is the identical scaffold which was devised by a man condemned to be hung, and on which he suffered, with 48 afterward, before it was retired, and there are ropes and delightful articles of that nature with which criminals have suffered, and in such numbers that we come to the conclusion that the principal business of the English and French is to kill somebody and get hung for it.

But the pair of criminals in which I took the liveliest interest were Messrs. Burke and Hare, of Edinburgh, Scotland. These gentlemen had a contract with the medical university of Edinburgh, to furnish the students corpses for dissection, which they did from the various churchyards.

Mr. Burke, who was evidently the leader in the enterprise, remarked one night to Mr. Hare,—that is, I presume he did:

"Why go out this dark and rainy night and dig in the damp earth for corpses? Digging corpses is all wrong. If the friend of the deceased should ever discover that a corpse had been abstracted it would occasion the most profound feeling. We should have more respect for the survivors than to raise their dead and then, in the interest of science, we should give the students fresher bodies for dissection. I am inflexibly opposed to digging any more."

"But how shall we get the corpses?" asked the obtuse Mr Hare.

"It is far easier," replied Mr. Burke, "to knock a man on the head than it is to dig him up; and in addition to the other reasons I have mentioned, a sandbag or a club is cheaper than a spade."

And Mr. Hare coinciding with Mr. Burke, they went out that night and killed a man, and they kept going out and killing men till 30 had disappeared.

The authorities finally got upon their track, when Mr. Hare turned States' evidence and hung Mr. Burke, and he went peacefully into some other business.

It is needless to add that a careful study of the faces of the two men would not lead one to purposely encounter them in a dark alley after 12 at night. Nothing earthly could be so villainous.

A little incident that occurred the day I explored the Museum illustrates the perfection of the modeling and draping the figures. There were in the party a gentleman and lady from Pennsylvania, the former being a devotee of the alleged science of phrenology, and rather fond of discussing the subject.

A female figure was standing on the floor, which attracted his attention. This was in the Chamber of Horrors.

"I want to call your attention," he said to his wife, "to this illustration of the truth of phrenology. Could there be modeled a more vigorous face? Notice the development back of the ears, showing the head to be all animal, and the pinched forehead and the general insignificance of the front head as compared with the development of the back portion. There is murder in every line of that face. Let me see who it is."

"Thank you," exclaimed the figure as it moved away. It was a very estimable American lady which the phrenologist had mistaken for a wax figure.

Madam Tussaud's exhibition is a never-failing source of interest to everybody who comes to or lives in London.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Sometime in the Sixth Century a Saxon King, named Sebert, founded an abbey, which is where Westminster now stands. It is another of the regular show places of London, and possibly the most interesting, unless it be the Tower. It has been rebuilt a dozen or more times, and is really the most beautiful building in London of its class.

The Abbey is 375 feet in length, by 200 in width, and its hight from the pavement to the foot of the lantern is 140 feet. I know this for I got it from the guide book.

There is nothing in England, in the way of architecture, more striking or grand. The beautiful is not always the grand or the grand the beautiful. Westminster Abbey is both. The old architects might not have been able to have built the Capitol at Washington, and they certainly could have not have built the Court House in New York, and made it cost more than the Houses of Parliament, for they were not that kind of architects; they mostly died poor and did not wear diamonds, but they managed to erect a building that is worth the passage across the Atlantic to see.

On entering the Abbey you run the gauntlet of a dozen or more fellows who have the privilege of selling guide books. They will not take No for an answer, but manage somehow to compel the gratuity. They are Poliphar's wives with designs upon your pockets, and you have to choose between yielding to them, like Joseph, or leaving some portion of your garments in their grasp. You always shed the sixpence. Then you wander about through the magnificent structure reading tablets on which are inscribed the virtues of all sorts of men, till happily remembering that Kings and Queens were buried in the building you ask whereabouts they may be lying. Some one gives the information, the party is made up, and you place yourself under the charge of what they call a verger, who is a beery old fellow, with a face that blazes like a comet, with some sort of a black gown over his shoulders, who conducts you to the gate of a chapel at which stands another beery old fellow, with a like face and a similar gown on his shoulders, who deliberately asks you for sixpence apiece, which being paid, you pass in, very like you would in a circus. Then the beery old fellow commences in a sing song, monotonous way, his descriptions:

"The first on the left is the tomb of Queen Eleanor who died in the year of our Lord," and so on. He intones his service just about as those officiating in the other services do, only he goes on without making a pause or punctuating a sentence. He guides you from one room to another without the slightest pause, and when he gets through he and the one at the gate who takes the money go out and drink beer till another party is formed.

But it is a very cheap show, and I am under obligations to the Church of England for the delight. In fact it is a big shilling's worth—for a drinking man. One blast from the fiery orifice in the volcanic face of the verger is enough to save anybody sixpence in beer, and as for the book why you have it, and it is worth the money. Thus, you see, you have the show of the building and the dead Kings thrown in. I was not sure that we should not have given the Dean a shilling or two, and I felt like offering it to him, but unfortunately I was out of silver.

It is not the magnificence and grandeur of the structure, or its sacredness as a place of religious worship that give Westminster Abbey its interest to the average tourist. It is the burial place of the great dead of England, and its walls contain the dust of more great men than any building in the world.

Of course I did not enthuse a particle viewing the tombs of the old Kings, those ancient robbers whose titles came from force and were perpetuated by fraud, 13 of whom are buried here and 14 Queens, commencing with Sebert, the Saxon, and ending with George the Second. They may sleep anywhere, without exciting a thrill in me, for not one of them ever did the world any good, or added one to the list of achievements that really make men's names worth remembering.

But England has buried here those who made her glory on the field, the wave, and in the Senate and closet, and it is England's glory that she does this. England has never let a great achievement go unnoted, or unremembered. In the floors and on the walls of this great church are tablets commemorating not only Generals and Admirals, but Captains and Lieutenants who aided in repulsing the foes of the country or extending its possessions, and the private soldier or common sailor receives his meed of praise, the same as his officer.

In this England is as wise as she is in most things. In this faithful remembrance the youth of England have a constant incentive to great deeds and meritorious acts.

Speaking of monuments and commemorative structures, how many has the United States? One was attempted to the memory of Washington, of the general form and style of a Scotch claymore set on end, hilt downward, and it was placed in the mud on the banks of the Potomac, where it has been surely and certainly sinking these 30 years at least, and is not yet half finished.

Occasionally some enterprising woman who wants a house, or to pay off a mortgage, or something of the kind, organizes a Washington Monument Association and collects money for the purpose of completing it. But is never amounts to anything. The lady and the managers manage to collect a great deal of money, but no stones are added to the monument, and there stands, or rather is sinking, a monument not to Washington, but to the inefficient management of the citizens of the country he freed, or their indifference to the fame of their best and greatest men.

England does not do this. There is never a name in English history that is not carefully preserved in the Abbey, and it is not permitted to wear out and fade. When time has meddled with it the chisel is brought into requisition, and it is restored.

If one wishes to thoroughly and completely appreciate the worthlessness of human reputation, he wants to walk through these walls and over these floors. While the fame of the heros, poets and statesmen have been carefully cared for, the nobodies buried here and hereabouts, and there are thousands of them, have been permitted to fade out mercilessly. Sir Toby Belch, we will say, or Sir Toby Anybody Else, who was so circumstanced that he received the honor of being buried in the Abbey or the grounds adjacent, lies here under a slab on which is a long inscription, the slab is here, but alas! where is the inscription? The iron-nailed shoes of generations have as completely obliterated it as though a chisel had been used for the purpose.

But not so the actually great. The slab that covers the remains of Dickens has flowers placed upon it every day, and the inscriptions to the memory of Shakspere, Byron, Handel, Hadyn, Macaulay, Sheridan, Garrick, Rare Ben Johnson and others who made English literature, and the innumerable warriors by land and sea who have extended English possessions, and defended England's greatness, are kept as distinct and as bright as the day they were erected.

One singular thing is that there were no bad men buried in the Abbey; that is, if you may believe the marble inscriptions. Marble is a bad material to tell lies upon, because of the limited space that can be used. Were there more room there would be more lies, I suppose, but the English have managed it tolerably well.

There was Warren Hastings, for instance, Governor General of India, who in his day was held up as a monster of cruelty, and a model of rapacity and oppression. Even the English Parliament and the East India Company were forced to protest against this extreme cruelty to the East Indians. Nevertheless Hastings has a bust in the Abbey, and an inscription on it, in which he is given every virtue under the sun. He is extolled as being all that was merciful, just, kind, good and wise, and if there is a virtue that is not ascribed to him, the man who wrote it forgot it. As a matter of curiosity I copied the epitaph and here it is:

Sacred to the Memory of
The Right Honorable WARREN HASTINGS,
Governor General of Bengal
Member of His Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, L. L. D., F. R. S.
Descended from the elder branch of the Ancient and Noble Family of Huntingdon.

Selected for his eminent talents and integrity, he was appointed by Parliament, in 1773, the first Governor General of India, to which high office he was thrice reappointed by the same authority. Of a most eventful period, he restored the affairs of the East India Company from the deepest distress to the highest prosperity, and secured their possessions from a combination of the most powerful enemies ever leagued against them. In the wisdom of his counsels and the energy of his measures he found unexhausted resources, and successfully sustained a long, varied and multiplied war with France, Mysore and the Mahratta States, whose power he humbled, and concluded an honorable peace, for which and for his distinguished services he received the thanks of the East India Company, sanctioned by the Board of Control. The Kingdom of Bengal, the seat of his government, he ruled with a mild and paternal sway; preserved it from invasion, and while he secured to its inhabitants the enjoyment of their customs, laws and religion, and the blessings of peace, was rewarded by their affection and gratitude; nor was he more distinguished by the highest qualities of a statesman and a patriot, than by the exercise of every Christian virtue. He lived for many years in dignified retirement, beloved and revered by all who knew him, at his seat of Daylesford, in the County of Worcester, where he died in peace, in the 86th year of his age, August 22, in the year of our Lord 1818.

Pretty good this for a man who was the terror of the East, and who was publicly branded in Parliament as the most audacious, corrupt and cruel tyrant that ever seized anything that armed force could lay its hands upon. But as England reaped the benefit of a portion, at least, of his wickedness, England manufactures a record for him and permits it to stand among its other heros, for the admiration of future generations.

I can imagine the ghost of Hastings, as he hovers over this tablet and reads it. He must have smiled a spirit smile. However, it is probably as correct as other history, marble or written upon paper. The inhabitants of the other world must be amused as they read what is said of them in this. A great many of them must feel as the horse thief did when he wept after the speech of his counsel in his defense.

"What are you sobbing so for?" asked the counsel.

"I never knew before what a good man I am," was the reply.

There are hundreds buried in the Abbey who have no especial claim to the honor, that is so far as to deeds that survive the ages gone. They enjoyed what we of to day would term a mere local reputation, and all that remains of them is what the marble says. The inscriptions are all in the same strain, and are curious specimens of obituary literature. For instance this:

To the memory of JAMES BARTLEMAN,
formerly a chorister and lay clerk of Westminster Abbey,
and Gentleman of His Majesty's Royal Chapel.
Educated by Dr. Cooke.
He caught all the taste and science of that great master,
Which he augmented and adorned.
With the peculiar powers of his native genius,
He possessed qualities which are seldom united:
A lively enthusiasm, with an exact judgment,
And exhibited a perfect model,
Of a correct style and a commanding voice;
Simple and powerful, tender and dignified;
Solemn chaste and purely English.

His social and domestic virtues
Corresponded with these rare endowments:
Affectionate and liberal, sincere and open hearted,
He was most loved and less beloved by his family and friends,
Than admired by all for his pre eminence
In his profession.
He was born 19 Septr. 1769. Died 15 April, 1821.
And was buried in this cloister,
Near his Beloved Master.

"Solemn, chaste and purely English" is very good. What could Mr. Bartleman ask more?

On the monument of Admiral Sir Wondesley Shovel the inscription reads:

"He was deservedly beloved by his country, and esteemed, though dreaded, by the enemy, who had often experienced his conduct and courage. Being shipwrecked on the rocks of Scilly, in his voyage from Toulon, Oct. 22, 1707, at night, in the 57th year of his age, his fate was lamented by all, but especially by the seafaring part of the nation, to whom he was a generous patron and a worthy example. His body was flung on the shore, and buried with others on the sand; but being soon after taken up, was placed under this monument, which his royal mistress had caused to be erected to commemorate his steady loyalty and extraordinary virtues."

Mr. William Lawrence, who was a pretendary, gets this poetical effusion:

With diligence and trust most exemplary
Did William Lawrence serve a prebendary,
And for his paines now past before not lost
Gained this remembrance at his Master's coste.
O read these lines again: you seldome finde
A servant faithful to a master kind.
Short hand he wrote, his flowre in prime did fade
And hasty death short hand of him hath made,
Well couth he numbers, and well measur'd land,
Thus doth he now that ground whereon you stand,
Wherein he lies so geometrical;
Art maketh some, but this will nature all."
Obit Dec. 23, 1621.
Ætatis sud 29.

As a specimen of old English, this can hardly be excelled:

Ander neath Lyeth
The Bodyes of 3 sonns
of Mr. Christopher Chapman.
Richard Christopher and
Peter Peter died the 11th
of September, 1672.
Richard died the 7th of
Feoruary, 1672, and
Christopher Chapman
Mr. of Artes dyed the 25
of March, 1675.

The next is a memorial to an authoress who was the most popular of her day, and whose pieces were the delight of London. To day she is only remembered by book-worms and antiquaries:

Mrs. Aphra Behn,
Dyed April 16,
A. D. 1689.
Here lies a proof that Wit can never be
Defence enough against Mortality.

This lady was the authoress of dramatic pieces—"Forced Marriage," "The Amorous Prince," "The Dutch Lover," "Abdelazar," "The Town Fop," "The Rover," "The Debauchee," "Sir Patient Fancy," "The Feigned Courtezans," "The City Heiren," "The False Count," "The Roundheads," "The Young King," "The Lucky Chance," "The Emperor of the Moon," "The Widow Ranter," etc.

The Wesley family are represented in this:

NUTTY, SUSANNA,
URSULA, SAMUEL
WESLEY.
1725, 1726, 1727, 1731,
Infant children
of Samuel Wesley,
Brother of John Wesley.

The British merchant was honored, as well as the British soldiers:

Sacred to the Memory of
JONAS HANWAY,
Who departed this life Sept. 5, 1786, aged 74.
But whose name liveth, and will ever live.
Whilst active Piety shall distinguish
The Christian:
Integrity and Truth shall recommend
The British Merchant:
And universal Kindness shall characterize
The Citizen of the World
The helpless *Infant* natur'd thro' his care
The friendless *Prostitute* sheltered and reformed,
The hopeless *Youth* rescu'd from Misery and Rum
And train'd to serve and to defend his country,
Uniting in one common strain of gratitude,
Bear Testimony to their Benefactor's virtues.
This was the *Friend* and *Father* of the Poor.

The wandering about among the tombs of so many illustrious dead, however, or the reading of so many fulsome epitaphs, albeit I know they were not altogether deserved, that produced an impression, a feeling of solemnity that no other one place in all England could conjure up. It was in vain that one of the party tried to make fun out of some of the quaint inscriptions. It could not be done, and in a very short time the youth succumbed to the patient influence of the mighty memory, and became a subdued and quiet admirer of the solemn grandeur of the place.

Just as we were about to leave the Abbey the clock tolled the hour of three, at which time religious services are held in the large nave. More out of curiosity, perhaps, than anything else, I determined to remain during the service. As we sat there looking over into the poet's Corner, the deep silence of the majestic building, growing more and more profound, there came trooping through the mind constantly changing pictures suggested by the memories awakened by the vivid recollections of the once great in literature and art, science and warfare, who are still alive in the hearts of all English speaking people although their bodies have been lying for years beneath the massive pillars and superb arches of Westminster.

As the eye wanders upwards along the walls covered with tablets and rare pieces of sculpture, and seeks to unravel the intricacies of the fretted roof, just discernible through the dim light, the great organ peals forth the wondrous strains of the Processional.

At that instant, as though to lend a new and greater impressiveness to the scene, the clouds which had been lowering all the afternoon suddenly breaking with a glorious burst of sunshine, that comes streaming in through the tall, graceful windows, beautiful with their colored designs, lights up the Abbey even to its darkest recess with a light, soft, and mellow, which only intensifies the mystic feeling of reverence and joy combined. And then the boy choristers, with their fresh, innocent faces, sing in wondrous tones the Gregorian chants. Nothing more is needed. Everything is there and one goes off into a rapturous reverie, the mind is purified of all things earthly, and wanders unchecked and unfettered through the boundless realms of purity. One sits almost entranced, his very being filled with the wondrous power of the place. Gradually it dawns upon him that there is a discord somewhere, that something has occurred to mar the perfection of the whole. For an instant he rebels against the thought and strives to believe that he still dreams. But the inspiration has fled. The music which a moment before caused the tears to fill his eyes has lost itself in the far away cornices of the high columns, and in its stead there is the dull, monotonous chanting of a priest who is intoning the service in a tired sort of way, as though he thought that, having done the same thing every afternoon for 40 years, it was time for him to retire upon a pension, and enjoy the quiet of a pleasant home, where there was no absolute necessity of going through the ritual every afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The awakening was not a pleasant one, and so we left the Abbey, disappointed, as though we had been given the promise of something wonderful and then been denied it. The service, no matter how beautiful in and of itself, is not in keeping with the grandeur of the place. There was lacking, to an American, that sense of power and majesty in it, that the massive building, glorying in its wondrous architectural beauties, demands. The clergymen had an aimlessness that was simply tiresome, and as they drawled out the words, it seemed as though they did not care whether it produced an effect upon the worshippers or not. But it did produce an effect. Not the one to be desired, perhaps, but an effect after all, for the greater number of them quietly left the place, and reached the open air with a sigh of relief, as if they had escaped from some very depressing, dispiriting place.

In America religion and religious services mean something more than form, and the ministers, no matter of what denomination, or in what sort of a building, throw something of life and fervor into their services. They act and talk as though they had souls to save, and that the responsibility of the souls of their congregations were upon them. This was not of that kind. The priests went through the service as though having offered the bread of life to their people, it was for them to take it or let it alone as they chose. Indeed when one was a little slow, as though he had been up the night before, the other would look at him reproachfully, as if to say:—"Look here, why don't you hurry up, and get through with this, and let us get home. I don't want my dinner to spoil," and the boys in the choir, though they sang like angels, did it not as if they knew or cared anything about it, but as a mere matter of business, looking from one to another and then upon the congregation. Whatever the effect upon the people, their beautiful music had no more effect upon them than as if they had been so many oysters.

These people would not do for a Western camp meeting or even for a fashionable revival in an Eastern Church. But they have their uses.

The cloisters, as they are called, form a not uninteresting portion of the Abbey, they being the former places of residence of the monks of the establishment. In the various walks, with their quaintly carved pillars, and moss-covered arches are buried many distinguished personages, most of whom belonged to the Abbey.

But the chief point of interest is the "Chapter House," a circular room of large dimensions, which was built in 1250 by Henry III. on the site of the earlier Chapter House belonging to the Abbey founded by Edward the Confessor. It was the chamber in which the abbot and monks, in the time of the ancient monastery held their "Chapter" or meeting for discussion and business. The stone seats upon which the abbot and the monks sat are still preserved.

In 1265 when the House of Commons came into existence, it first sat in Westminster Hall with the House of Lords, but the two bodies having parted, the Commons held its meetings in the Chapter House for nearly 300 years. The last Parliament known to have sat here was that which assembled on the last day of the reign of King Henry VIII. After that the House passed into the possession of the Crown, and from 1547, when the House of Commons was transferred to Westminster Palace, until 1863, it was used as the depository of public records, and was very much disfigured. In 1865 its restoration was begun, and it now presents the same appearance it did in years gone by, save where the finger of Father Time has been laid rather heavily upon its once fair paintings and graceful proportions.

It does not appear that the nave and cloisters, though the last resting places of so many eminent persons, were treated with due respect in the reign of Queen Anne. At all events the following occurs in the Acts of the Dean and Chapter, under date of May 6, 1710.

"Whereas, several butchers and other persons have of late, especially on market days, carried meat and other burdens through the church, and that in time of Divine service, to the great scandal and offence of all sober minded persons; and, whereas, divers disorderly beggars are daily walking and begging in the Abbey and cloisters, and do fill the same with nastiness, whereby great offense is caused to all persons going through the church and cloisters; and, whereas, many idle boys come into the cloisters daily, and there play at cards and other games for money, and are often heard to curse and swear: Charles Baldwell is appointed beadel to restrain this, and to complain of offenders, if necessary, to a justice of the peace."

The Abbey is the glory of the English people, and well it may be. It is a delight in and of itself, and would be were it empty. But filled as it is with the enduring monuments of its glory it possesses a double interest. Every American visits it, and every American should, for those who built it and those who sleep under its wonderful roof, are of the same blood and kin. America shares in England's glory if not in her shame. But then we have some sins to answer for, and an Englishman may not blush in the presence of his cousin across the water.

A BLACK LIST.

Political Assassinations and Attempted Assassinations for the Past 30 Years.

The attempted murder of Pres. Garfield makes the following table of assassinations and attempted assassinations of rulers for the past 30 years of great interest:

PRUSSIA.—Crown Prince of, June 21, 1849. Attempt at Mienden.
Frederick William IV. May 22, shot by Sefeloque.
ENGLAND.—June 28, 1850. Pate's attempt on Queen Victoria.
FRANCE.—Sept. 24, 1852. Attempt on Napoleon III. with infernal machine
AUSTRIA.—Feb. 18, 1853. Wounding of Francis Joseph in Vienna by Libzens.
ITALY.—April 16, 1853. Attempt on the life of Victor Emanuel.
FRANCE.—July 5, 1855. Attempted assassination of Napoleon III.
April 28, 1855. Giovania Pianeri fired at Napoleon III.
SPAIN.—April 28, 1856. Raymon Fuentes fired at Queene Isabella.
NAPLES.—December 8, 1856. Ferdinand III. stabbed Agesilas Milano.
FRANCE.—August 7, 1857. Three men attempted to assassinate Napoleon
January 14, 1858. Orsini's attempt on Napoleon III.
PRUSSIA.—July 14, 1861. King William fired at by the student Becker.
FRANCE.—December 24, 1863. Four conspirators against Napoleon III. arrested.
AMERICA.—April 14, 1865. President Lincoln killed by Booth.
RUSSIA.—April 6, 1866, Kazarasoff's attempt on Alexander.
——, 1867. Attack on Alexander at Paris Exposition.
SPAIN.——, 1871. Attack on King Amadeus.
PERU.—August 10, 1872. Pres. Balta killed by Col. Guiterez.
BOLIVIA.—Jan. 1, 1873. Pres. Neovales assassinated.
ECUADOR.—Aug. 14, 1875. Pres. Garcia Marino assassinated.
PARAGUAY.—June 2, 1875. Molas killed by Pres. Gill.
GERMANY.—May 11, 1878. Hoedel fired at Emperor William, who was shot at in 1861, while King of Prussia,
—June 1, 1878. Nobiling fired at Emperor William.
VENEZUELA—June 1, 1878. President Barcelon Scanlon.
SPAIN—Oct. 25, 1878. Moncasi fired at King Alfonso.
ITALY—Nov. 17, 1878 Passanante fired at King Humbert.
AUSTRIA—Dec. 27, 1878. Unsuccessful attempt on the life of Francis Joseph. Emperor.
RUSSIA—March, 1879. Assassination of Gov. Krapotkine, of Kharoff.
April 11, 1879. Solovieff's attack on the Czar Alexander.
Nov. 29, 1879. Attempt on the Czar Alexannder's life with infernal machine at Moscow.
SPAIN.—Dec. 30, 1879. Attempted assassination of Alfonso and Marie by Gonzoles.
RUSSIA—Feb. 18, 188. Attempted blowing up of Czar Alexander and family in the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg.
February, 1880. Attempted assassination of Gov. Melikoff by Vladeisk.
Sept. 2, 1880. Attempted on the Czar's life by two mines on the railroad to Livadia.
March 13, 1881. Killing of Alex. II. by means of a bomb thrown by Nihilists in St. Petersburg.

Superstitions of Whale Fishers.

Land and Water.

At the present day it is the commonest thing in the world for whale fishers to burn an effigy in order to "bring luck." If a ship has fallen in with few whales the crew attribute their bad fortune to their having some unlucky individual on board, and by burning his effigy they believe that his malign influence is got rid of. The most unpopular man in the ship is generally pitched upon as the offending party. Sometimes two or three pictures are burned, one after the other, if luck is very bad, and on an average one is burned in each whaleship every season. The practice is very old one, and is said to have taken rise from a similar custom which prevailed among the herring fishers of Banffshire, by whom it was introduced on board the Peterhead whalers. A century or two ago not merely effigies, but living men and women were burned on suspicion of casting a blight upon the herring fishery.

For the Blade.

FURTHER WEST.

BY HU MAXWELL.

Lowly sank the sun in silence,
And his last long lingering ray
Kissed the mighty Mississippi,
Sweeping gloomy on its way.
There a worn, wayfaring Indian
Sat him down at eve to rest,
As he moved from home of childhood
To a region further West.

From the evergreen savannas,
Where the flowery fields expand,
He was passing, lone and weary,
To the tyrant's promised land.
One sad look he cast to eastward
As fond memories crossed his breast;
But, the stern command is given:
"Move on further to the West."

On he moved beyond the river,
And, an exile took his way
To the gloomy land of promise
'Neath the shades of dying day.
In the East the Day of Science
Broke from 'Islands of the Blest,"
But the poor, benighted Indian
Moved on further to the West.

Up across the boundless prairie,
Following the wanderer near,
Marching on in proud procession,
Pale faced myriads appear.
And the Red Man seeks for shelter
'Neath the Rockies' cloud capt crest;
But e'en there the voices reach him:
"Move on further to the West."

Where the sunlit waves are washing
California sands of gold,
Nations come, like wild tornadoes,
And their legions eastward rolled:
"Eastward!"—there the Indian faltered
At the dark and stern behest,
While in awful diapason
Echos answer, "Further West."

St George, W. Va.

Written For the Blade.

MORE PANGS AND FEARS

Than Wars or Women Have.

BY JOHN M'ELROY.

The next morning there was a call for a party to guard a train of wagons which was to go out several miles to the front, to bring in a lot of meat and corn meal stored there for the use of Zollicoffer's invading forces. The mess with which Harry had taken up his quarters volunteered its services to form part of the escort, and Harry's newly develop feeling of comradeship led him to do likewise.

The rain had ceased, but sullen clouds hung about the scowling sky, like sour-eyed marauders, who were dissatisfied with the amount of misery they had already inflicted, and longed to do more ere they departed. A chill and and chafing wind fretted through the naked limbed trees, which moaned as it stirred their branches, and it drove the earth's thick coating of brown, dead leaves into tawny hillocks behind sheltering rocks and fallen trunks. Frequently these hillocks took on themselves the shape of long, narrow mounds, as if they covered the grave of some unfortunate human being who, like themselves, had descended to the clammy earth, to rot in dull obscurity. The clear little streams that in Summertime murmured musically down the slopes, under a canopy of nodding roses, and fragrant sweet-brier, now were turbid torrents, that brawled like churls drunken with much wine, and tore out with savage wantonness their mossy banks, matted with the roots of the blue violet, and the white flowered puccoon.

Scattered over the mountain side were fatigue parties, hunting up the dead, and burying them in shallow graves, hastily dug in clay so red that it seemed as if saturated with the blood that had been shed the day before. The buriers thrust their hands into the pockets of the dead with the flinching, nauseated air of men touching offensive filth, and took from the garments sodden with water and gore watches, letters, ambrotypes, money and trinkets, some of which they studied, to gain an idea of the fallen man's identity, and some they retained as souvenirs, but threw the most back into the grave with an air of intense loathing. Then covering the staring eyes and contorted features of the corpse with its cap they heaped the red clay upon it in a frightfully suggestive heap, and went their way in search of another victim of the carnage.

At the foot of the mountain the road crossed a noisy, swollen little creek, with its overflowing waters dyed deeply red and yellow by the load of hill clay they were carrying away with them in their headlong haste. A little to the left Harry saw a corpse that bore a more striking appearance than any he had seen. He walked over toward it and examined it a little more closely. It was that of a tall, slender, gracefully-formed young man, clad in an officer's uniform of rich, gray cloth, lavishly ornamented with gold lace. The features were strong, but clearly cut, and the dark skin smooth and fine textured. One slender hand clasped the hilt of a richly ornamented sword, with which he had evidently been directing his men, and his staring gray eyes seemed to be yet filled with the anger of battle. A bullet had reached him as he stood upon a little knoll, striving to arrest the headlong flight. He fell backwards, so that his head touched the edge of the swift running water, which was now filling his long black locks with a slimy sediment.

The sight gave a new anguish to Harry. He had cherished a comforting superstition akin to that of the French marchioness who said that "God would think twice before damnning a gentleman." His youthful estimation of the sovereign rights of gentlemanhood made him feel that in some inscrutable way a gentleman was to be exempted from the dangers and revolting evils that war was to inflict upon the less favored herd. But here was evidently a gentleman of as high degree as Harry could boast of, who was treated as contemptuously as if the most ignoble of plebeians.

"That's one of the chivalry, sure," said Plimp Harley, who had come up. "he's one of these fellows that expect to be Dukes, or Marquises, or Earls, or High Keepers of His Majesty Jeff Davis I's, China Spittoons, or Grand Custodians of the Prince of South Carolina's Plug Tobacco, when the Confederacy gains its independence But he's missed his calculations somewhat, and gone to dance attendance on his Long-Tailed Majesty, who holds his court at Brimstoneville."

"It seems a terrible fate for so much of a gentleman," Harry could not help saying.

"The more the gentleman the more he deserved it," growled Mark Shippen. "It's mighty good luck to catch one of these high steppers, who've brought the war on, and expect other folks to fight it out. I only wish we had every one of the boss traitors just where he is, then our work would be done, and we could go home."

"What's to hinder you from taking the job?" sneered Plimp. "You might draw three days' rations, 60 rounds of ammunition, get a detail as Reb-killer extraordinary, and start upon your errand of death, to come back in a few weeks with a leading Rebel's scalp at your belt for every bullet you took out. Try it on."

"I'm quite as ready to start upon such an expedition as you are, I'm sure," retorted Mark. "And I'm sure, too, that I wouldn't mistake a brindle cow for a Rebel General, and wake up the whole camp by shooting at her."

This quenching allusion to one of Plimp's blunders on picket brought a roar of laughter from the others, and left the object of the retort answerless.

"Poor devil," said little Billy Coverly, "he must have left lots of friends and relations who will be crushed by his death."

"I'm going to see who he is, any way," said Plimp, beginning to search the pockets. He found the contents to be what might have been expected in the pockets of a young man of this one's apparent wealth and social condition. There was a considerable quantity of money, both gold and Confederate notes, a fine watch, pictures of a handsome young woman, and a large number of dainty little notes, addressed in a feminine hand to

Capt. Russell Merton, Col. William Estill's Regiment, Kentucky Volunteers.

The letters Plimp put into his blouse pocket for perusal at some more leisurely time, and sent the valuables by Billy Coverly to the Quartermaster who accompanied the train. But one letter directed in a bold business hand attracted his attention, so that he pulled it from its envelope and read it. It ran in this way:

DEAR SIR: In accordance with the instructions of your father, I procured on my last visit to Cincinnati, some tents and a quantity of other military supplies for yourself and company, which, by great good luck, I succeeded in getting past the Federal lines, and they now await your taking possession. By taking the following course you can find them: When you arrive at the top of Rockcastle Mountain on your advance to Wild Cat, you will find a road that turns off sharply to the left. Follow this until it comes to the foot of the Mountain, where it crosses a branch. Turn up the branch until you come to the forks, where you will notice a large, cross-shaped blaze on a white oak standing on the left hand side of the branch. The left-hand side of the cross points to another cross on a chestnut, and this points to one on a black walnut, the left-hand arm of which points up the side of the mountain. Follow in that direction about 80 steps, and you will come to a young hemlock, which has been cut down, apparently by coon-hunters. When you pull the hemlock away you will find that it conceals the mouth of a good sized cave, in which your things are hidden. Wishing that you may find them all right, and that they may do you and the gallant men you are leading much good, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,
WASHINGTON NICHOLS.

"By the Lord Harry," said Plimp, excitedly, "that's the thing to strike for. Let's go and scoop in that outfit."

"Well, but do you suppose that it's there now?" interposed Harry.

"Yes, that's the question," added the others.

"I think the chances are that it is," answered Plimp. "You know they told us last night that the Rebels made their advance in light marching order, carrying nothing but three day's rations and their ammunition." They were so sure of success that they expected to get all they needed from our fellows, and there is a hundred chances to one that our good-looking Captain here concluded to postpone taking possession of his things until after the battle, when he could have leisure to enjoy them. Now a well-directed ounce of lead has made us his heirs, and I propose that we proceed to administer upon his estate."

"It would be a pretty neat job to get in those things after all the trouble the Rebels have had to get them from Cincinnati," growled Mark Shippen angered with himself for having to accede to any proposition of Plimp's. "But I move that Harry Glen have command of the squad, if we can get permission from the Quartermaster to go off on the expedition."

The rest assented, though Plimp did murmur something about parliamentary custom being to always appoint the mover of a committee its chairman.

It was decided not to reveal the full scope of the enterprise to the Quartermaster, lest he should want to take the matter into his own hands, and this made it a little difficult to obtain his permission, but Harry Glen's diplomacy at last won him over, and the squad, taking one wagon, started off as fast as the mules could be made to travel over the rough roads. It was noon before they reached the top of the Rockcastle Mountain, where they were astonished to meet Willie Stimson, with the other two boys of their company, and Jim Fortner, the Kentucky bushwhacker, who were all returning to camp. The object of the expedition being explained to them they joined it, Fortner's accession being regarded as quite fortunate, be cause of his knowledge of the country. Under his direction such rapid progress was made that in a couple of hours the forks of the little creek called the "Branch" were reached, and the blazes of the trees discovered. As all semblance of a road ended there, the wagon had to be left in charge of the driver and one of the boys, while the rest of the party, now excited with the nearness of the object of their quest, climed eagerly up the mountain side, following with difficulty the long legged Jim's more practiced footsteps. The blazes indicated in the letter were made out without any difficulty, and the party were soon electrified by Fortner's cheery cry:

"Wall, here's the little hemlock, boys, an' hit haint been moved a mite."

They all scrambled impetuously up to where Jim was standing, and catching hold of the hemlock sapling with one accord, tore it away and sent it crashing down the mountain side, revealing as they did so a large cavity in the rocky cliff. They plunged into this, and found stored there a large, well-constructed Sibley tent, with its fixtures, several smaller tents, some other articles of camp equipage, and a number of packing boxes, whose contents could only be guessed at.

"Let's not waste any time looking at the things, boys," said Harry. "The first thing's to get them into the wagon and get back to camp, then we can do the examining at our leisure."

The distance to the wagon was so great, and the way so rough, that, despite their most earnest efforts it was nightfall before they were able to remove all the goods and start back. As the wagon rolled off heavily, Harry and J

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubr's.

TOLEDO, OHIO THURSDAY, JULY 14 1881

OUR CHEAP BOOKS.

It was our intention to withdraw all announcements of cheap books in the BLADE, but such seems to be the demand, that we believe a small list of books for Summer reading will be appreciated by the readers. We therefore select those which are rare bargains in price, and endorse them by saying they are the cheapest ever offered to the reading public, and well adapted to the season. We send all books postpaid by mail.

The greatest bargain is in the two works, "Bible Biography" and "Struggles of Nasby," both of which have been described in these columns as very fine, large illustrated volumes, made expressly for the subscription trade. The regular price of these books are $3, but we mail them post-paid for $1.25. We have but a very few copies of the "Struggles of Nasby" unsold.

The following cloth bound popular $1.75 novels we are mailing post-paid for 50 cts.: "Lady Lenora," "All for Her," "All for Him," "Conquered," "Peerless Cathleen," "St. Peter's Bride," "Verte Van," and "The Grinder Papers," "Errors," "Home Harmonies," "Lily of San Miniato," "Home Hits and Hints," "Richard Vandermark," "Bitterwood," "Innocents from Abroad," "A Woman in the Case," "Grim's Dream," "Another Man's Wife," "Milly Darrell" and "Led Astray."

The following cloth bound books we are mailing post-paid for 25 cts.: "He or I," a story of the East; "That Comic Primer," a humorous primer; "That Bridget of Ours," a novel; "Rice's Poems," a book of poems; "Annals of a Baby," a story; "Me," a story; "Tim's Wife," a story; "Our Artist in Spain and Cuba," comic illustrations of travel; "That Charming Evening," a book of evening games and pastimes; "Dental Economy," a treatise on the teeth.

The following are bargains, post-paid, by mail: "Tourist's Guide in Great Britain," 75 cents; "Great and Eccentric Characters," $1.50; "Baron Munchausen," 75 cents; "Smith's Bible Dictionary," a large edition, $2.50; "Geological Sketches," 50 cents; "Gulliver's Travels," 50 cents; "War Tiger and White Elephant," 75 cents; "Good Things," an illustrated book for children, $1.25, and "Shakspere," 55 cents.

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FOR THE LADIES.

Sketching parties are the rage this season.

Chloroform will take the stains out of white satin.

Candle screens in Japanese crape are mounted in celluloid frames.

A daughter of Buffalo Bill has been awarded a medal for general improvement in an Omaha academy.

When an aged millionaire marries a young angel he generally finds her wings transferred to his fortunes.—*Philadelphia News.*

A Providence girl on being told that her false hair was coming off replied that it was no such thing, as she don't wear false hair. And then she went and looked in the mirror.

The Kansas City *Times* in some way has imbibed the idea that Emily Soldene's mouth is unusually large. It says she recently swallowed a base ball, mistaking it for a sugar coated pill.

At a wedding at Bergen Point, a few days ago, the mats upon which the newly-wedded couple knelt for the benediction were formed of masses of daisies with a border of dark green ivy.

The lady who plays the piano is the one who gets left at a social gathering. While she is so obliging as to entertain the company the guests assembled are flirting and talking with each other.

It is not now fashionable to make a display of wedding presents. This will put a stop to loans of goods for this purpose, a custom which has prevailed to a greater or ess extent for several years.

Harmony. Brown (Philistine)—"I heard it was all 'off' between you and Miss Rowsebett." Wobbinson (esthete)—"Ya-as. Incompatibility of complexion—she didn't suit my furnitcobar."—*London Punch.*

"Mrs. Hicks-Lord, from America," says an English society journal, "was taken up by the best people in London, and is said to adorn herself with chains of diamonds reaching from shoulder to shoulder."

A Kentucky woman is alleged to have given birth to seven children within 24 hours. When the husband goes to the store for soothing syrup he orders the druggist to send home a barrel.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

The London *Truth* asks: "Is this a fair bet? 'If I win, you are to keep me in chocolate creams for a year. Mind, I like the pointed ones. If you win, I'll work you something.' There is a certain vagueness about that 'something,' though none as to the creams."

Mr. Vanderbilt has ordered from the French artist, Paul Lefebre, a magnificent ceiling for his wife's own room. The design represents the departure of "Night," part of the canvas showing a beautiful figure of "Sleep" recumbent on rosy clouds, while a little winged elf bends over to awaken her with a kiss.

It is asserted that some Canadian women have been doing quite a thriving business in smuggling baby carriages over the line by coming to the American side bearing a baby in their arms and wheeling it back in a carriage. As there is little use for baby carriages this side the line, the United States Government has no reason to interfere.

Twenty years ago a girl baby, elegantly dressed, was deserted by its mother, who left it in a Connecticut depot. Several young men clubbed together to support it; but they tired of the sensation, and the child was sent to an industrial school. She is this week a sweet girl graduate at a well known seminary, where she has won high honors.

A cool, deliberate and amiable man who was descending from the steamer said to his friend and traveling companion, "The lady in the yellow bonnet yonder is my wife. See will be glad to see you. I have no objection to your saluting her with a kiss." "Heavens! ones," said his friend, "now you have taken all the fun out of it."—*N. Y. Herald.*

At a London theater not long ago the audience were electrified by the sight of a leader of fashion sitting in her box, apparently robed in her night-gown. It was soon discovered, though, that the lady in her desire to appear odd, had enveloped herself in a white satin ulster with cuffs and collar of white velvet. Doubtless the idea will be followed over here.

Miss Kate Stephens has for three years filled the chair of Greek language and literature in the University of Kansas. She has devoted herself with ardor and enthusiasm to her specialty, and has attained great proficiency in it. As a teacher, also, Miss Stephens has been very successful, awakening an interest and enthusiasm among her pupils almost equal to her own.

Viscountess Haberton, a strong-minded English peeress, who astonished society a few months ago by saying in a magazine article that a sensible girl needed a chaperon as little as a sensible boy, is at the head of a "rational dress society" just organized in England. It does not propose to alter the outer aspect of women's dress, but to hang it from the shoulders and loosen it at the waist, and make the other changes whose value every woman professes and few practice.

Principal B. F. Stanton, of the Afton Academy at Stillwater, Minn., has a habit of making love to the prettiest girls among his pupils. One of the objects of his attention doubted his sincerity, and demanded that he be photographed in the act of kissing her. He submitted to the test, and she carefully put away the picture. Her forethought has just been rewarded. Stanton refused to marry her, and swore in Court that his relations with the complainant had always been dignified and distant. Then the photograph was put in evidence. The jury found against him.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coghlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with Bleeding of the Lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went round that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. William Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

"I write this hoping every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take Dr. William Hall's Balsam, and be convinced that Consumption Can be Cured. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

Correspondence.

THE HARTZ MOUNTAIN COUNTRY.

Its Forests—Kiffhauser—Ilefeld Valley—Historical Localities of the Reformation — Dr. Petermann — Freidrickslora—Rusttrappe—Hexentanzplatz—Brokers—Regenstein Blankenburg, Etc.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

WENEGERODE AM HARTZ, June 19.

The Hartz Mountain region is one of the most picturesque and interesting in Europe. Like the Rhineland, every hill, mountain summit, cliff, rivulet and valley Village has its own interesting history, dating back to the mediæval ages, and the ethnological student finds here a rich field of knowledge from which to trace the rise and progess of the Germanic races from barbarism to civilization. Upon Mount Kiffhauser, near Nordhausen, is the tower and ruined castle where Frederic Barbarossa lived and organized a crusade to Palestine in the 13th century. And in its dungeons the superstitious Saxons long believed he was sleeping a Rip Van Winkle sleep, in preference to acceptance of the truth, that he was drowned in Palestine. It is a delightful, airy hight to visit on a warm day, though an expensive resort, even water by the glass costing as much as beer. The Ilefeld Valley is charming beyond description, with its high rugged hills, covered with beech and pine forests nearly to their summits and shutting out the vale with emerald walls. Here a renowned school still exists for boys, which is, and has been for centuries, patronized by the hereditary aristocracy and wealthy gentry. Before the German Reformation it was a richly endowed convent, and the wealth of the school is vast now, from the increase of its funds, down through the ages, and yet it is an expensive school, in which the sons of the peasant and working classes have no more right or inheritance than to the Imperial throne. And those of its students who are not blessed with great hereditary wealth, become impractical, helpless men if they emigrate to newer civilization. Like many of the German colleges and universities, a contempt of manual labor is inculcated here with any amount of Latin, Greek and other knowledge of a dead past, and many a helpless one goes from its alma mater with a head crammed with useless, impractical knowledge, unfitted by education for the stern realities of life, where money for daily bread must be acquired by in individual exertion. The forests of the Hartz country are wondrously beautiful, and it is wonderful with what patience and care they are planted, nourished and made to thrive amid rocks and cliffs. Where a handful of earth lodges, a pine or beech is planted, and every tiny bit of underbrush is carefully saved for fuel, and the leaves are gathered in bags and used for bedding for animals and for making fertilizers.

The history of the conversion of the Thor and Wodin worshipers to Christianity, and of the German Reformation, finds its first local habitation among the summits of the Harty. Upon Georges' Hill at Bleicherode Bishop Boniface preached and baptized, and throughout the vicinity Luther hurled his anathemas against the corruptions of the Romish hierarchy. Though the mountain scenery is not majestic or grand as in America, its picturesque beauty is enhanced, as being the scene where events happened, which aided our own civilization, and as having been the homes of a race from which we have derived much of our strength and power, albeit, unfortunately, also, the tyranical Saxon nature. In the little feudal town of Bleicherode, in one of its oldest, oddest houses, Dr. Petermann, the eminent geographer and scientist, first saw the light of day, which went out so sadly in Gotha, when the darkened mind freed the diseased spirit from the body, by suicide. Dr. Petermann is revered here, almost as much as Luther. Until his mind became diseased, he was of a most genial, generous nature, simple in his habits, devoted to study, ever ready to extend the hand of friendship to all, and bearing his high honors without the arrogance which too often characterizes greatness in monarchial lands. He was descended from a family of great intelligence, most of whom found death by suicide. The lamented event in his case is attributed to domestic unhappiness. He had married an English lady who made many friends in Germany, and so far as is known was of irreproachable character, and more than ordinary intelligence, and the children of the union were bright and interesting. Frau Petermann left her talented and scientific husband, after their children had reached years of maturity, he only cause assigned being incompatibility. Two daughters remained with the father, who procured a divorce on account of desertion. Shortly after, Dr. Petermann met a lady from Bernburg, a small Town in this vicinity, with whose personal charms he seemed struck to such a degree that he proposed matrimony upon a very short acquaintance, was accepted, and the wedding was celebrated with great pomp, all the eminent geographers and scientists of Europe being present, clothed in barbaric pomp, with decorations so plentiful that their coats were scarcely visible. The lady was surrounded by the bridal display of a princess of the blood royal, and the Bernburghers nearly became crazed with pride because the great scientist had honored their Town by wedding one of its daughters. The lady possessed personal charms only. Her mind was a blank, and she was narrow-minded and gossipy, unintelligent and quarrelsome, and as unintellectual as German husbands love their wives to be. Her want of culture was to the highest degree mortifying, and the vanity which led her to marry a man greatly her superior in mind and age, and the fearful folly which caused Dr. Peterman to choose a wife whom he believed fitted by sensual gifts and unruliness of spirit, to be a suitable companion immediately became lamentably manifest. The Doctor idolized his daughters, and domestic war between them and the step-mother reigned in their palatial home, from the day of the father's marriage to his death. After making his will and settling an annual annuity of 400 thalers upon Frau Petermann No. 2, leaving a large fortune to Frau Petermann No. 1, and her children, he hanged himself. The sad event caused the most profound sorrow in this entire region and throughout Germany. The hereditary tinge of insanity had probably existed and manifested itself long before the public were aware of it, and could Dr. Petermann have been properly understood, and have had the treatment he required years before his death, his valuable life might have been prolonged, and with restored mind and healthful body, this great authority on natural science might have been spared for years, to enlighten the world by his research, thought and study. Alas, for humanity, that so many of its brightest, coldest, best intellects commit suicide, long before the hangman's noose, the pistol ball, poison or a watery grave, separate the spirit from the body. How long will Nature be abused by overwork, alcohol, ambition and the uncurbed desires and passions of the human heart.

At Friedrickslora, a little Village in the lower Hartz country, Tredeick the Great, sought to civilize the Gypsies of his Kingdom, by giving them lands, establishing manufactories and schools, and in every way providing generously for their physical and mental needs. The experiment proved a failure, however, and the wild children of the forest, like our Indians, one by one disappeared, scattering over the broad earth, to pillage, rob, tell fortunes and wander from place to place. They used to steal from everybody, but my grandfather, who was their regular physician, and to whom they were very grateful, for having healed their diseases. When they saw his carriage in the distance, the whole population would assemble to greet his entrance to the Village, and sing their wild, strange songs of welcome and gratitude.

Thale, a charming little town in the Upper Hartz, is reached by railway, and from thence journeys on foot are made to "Die Rosstrappe" and "Der Hexentanzeplatz. The foot paths lead amid steep rocky mountain slopes by the side of crystal rivulets and notaing more beautiful can be imagined, than the forest covered mountains, terminating in rocky peaks and cliffs. Wherever it is possible to plant a pine, the careful foresters rear these rugged trees, and they fairly grow amid the rocks. The paths up Rosstrappe mountain are terraced, and wind about like a winding stairway, and at each terrace seats are provided for the tourist. This improvement was the work of one Herr Von Bulow; previous to it the ascent was very difficult, and the generous man, who delighted to revel amid the fine atmosphere, and wierd scenery, has immortalized himself by a movement which recites his work for others. In the rocks at the summit of the "Rosstrappe" is the print of a horse's hoof, and legendary lore recites that a Princess fleeing from an angry father, was born by her faithful steed, at one jump, from the opposite mountain across the fearful chasm. Upon Hexentanceplatz the mountain witches of the Saxons were believed to regularly entertain the Devil and his satellites, who flew through the air from "Der Broken," and danced minuets and waltzes, while fire and brimstone clouds ruined thunder and lightning and furnished congenial music. By way of parenthesis I will add that both these aerial localities are now improved with "Restaurations," as the Germans call saloons and eating houses. There all kinds of beer can be had, also coffee and bouillon or broth, and if travelers spend no money they are considered mean and parsimonious. If they can't drink any of these things it is allowable to pay just so much for water. "You pays your money and you takes your choice"—so they get the money, they just as soon provide water as beer, though they shake their heads as if the water drinker were an escaped lunatic.

Further north is the Ilsenstein, a rocky peak, from which is obtained a fine view of Mt. Broken, the highest Hartz peak, which is 3,600 feet above the level of the North Sea. Mt. Broken is reached by this path, and is the most aggravating mountain of the Hartz range. Difficult of ascent, cold and sterile when reached, few comforts, dear prices and an everlasting fog, which prevents one from seeing the sun rise nine days out of ten. No wonder the disobliging old hill was the home of the Saxon's Satan, whenever that talented gentleman wanted an airing and an atmospheric change from his fiery kingdom below.

Those who desire to visit the Dukedom of Brunswick can return to Thale and from thence go by rail to Halberstadt, the home of a French colony of Huguenots, who sought an asylum from persecution there after the massacre of St. Bartholemew. The elegant French taste is still visible in this old town, and the population bear the impress of the tact, politeness and fine manners of their ancestry. Houses are found in good preservation where one's great, great grandparents lived, and though the republican wearies somewhat at recitation ot titles and coat-of arms, there is a charm in visiting the scenes where people who had opinions and dared maintain them, in the dark uncharitable ages of the past, lived and fought life's battle. Quite near is a feudal ruin of the Princes of Regenstein, or an old robber's roost, where these successful robbers entrenched themselves and pillaged the poor toiling peasants and travelers in the 12th century. Four rooms are still in existence, hewn into solid rock, with loop holes from whence missils were slung upon those who were daring enough to attempt to get back their stolen goods. The line between Prussia and Brunswick is marked by stone monuments with the letters "P" and "B." Brunswick does not yet belong to the German Empire, but as the present Duke is old, childless and a bachelor, it is thought he will devise his possessions to Kaiser Wilhelm. The present Duke is the brother of the so-called "Diamond King," or monomaniac, who invested the millions wrung from the unrebellious, stupid masses in diamonds. Blankenburg, the capitol of the Dukedom, is a delightfully picturesque mountain Town, under the Castle de Park of the Duke of Brunswick. There are numerous coal mines in this vicinity, which yield wretchedly poor coal and provide a miserable subsistence for a population who, unfortunately, were unable to emigrate.

At Wenegerode are marble quarries, and iron mines and manufactories of very pretty iron and marble wares. Here, Duke "Stolberg-Stolberg" has large possessions, including an extensive and magnificent park, two Russian bears in a den, and a feudal castle of the 12th century, which has been restored to its ancient architectural glory during the past few years, at fabulous expense. It has towers like the Palais de Justice of Paris, which the Carlovignan Kings built. Count Stolberg-Stolberg is assistant Secretary of State, and scarcely lives in his castle, being obliged to spend most of his time in Berlin. Some very cultured, elegant people live at Wenegerode who would make splendid Americans, and whom it is delightful to meet in this country, where so many physical and social features, relics of the barbarian part of the Saxon feudal ages, confront the lover of liberty and free thought. Interesting as the Hartz country is, the impress of barbarism and tyranny is more apparent than in South Germany. Dogs, donkeys, cows and women are the chief beasts of burden, and though the poverty of the soil may in a measure account for the fearful toil necessary to procure subsistence, still it strikes the American visitor that the helpless and weak are rather more oppressed here than in France and South Germany. Women of wealth lead lives of luxury and ease and princely elegance, but woe to her whose lot is cast amid poverty. She bears burdens upon her back which an American horse could scarcely draw, and loses every trace of feminine beauty—I had almost written humanity—from grinding, drudging toil; and in watching her, as she wearily bears her daily burden of life, say to myself, verily, the Chinese father who drowns his little daughter at birth, because her fate is such a hapless one, is merciful in comparison to the descendant of the Hartz Mountains, who permits his girl to live and perpetuate a race of slaves.

ROSA L. SEGUR.

Shiloh.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

As to whether or not any one was surprised at the battle of Shiloh, I must say that I think there is but little room for doubt that that was the case, for Prentice's Division, or a portion of it at least, was encamped far to the front of the color line of our army. They were in front of my regiment, encamped on a hill, in plain view from our quarters. I was on brigade guard Saturday, and coming in on Sunday morning direct from my post on second relief, which, as every soldier knows, expires at 7 o'clock in the morning, I found my regiment had gone to the front, and out of sight. Looking over to Prentice's camp—the direction in which my regiment had gone—I saw the enemy coming through it at a double quick, trail arms, three ranks deep, their hospital flag already flying in its midst. A little time elapsed before I found and joined my command, which I did before they became engaged. Meanwhile the enemy continued to advance unchecked; so that it is self-evident, the distance between our camp, on the line of the army, and that of Prentice, which was in our front, must have been considerable. I should think nearly or quite half a mile. That part of Prentice's Division was captured before there was any general engagement was no secret in our part of the army—the right—for it occurred in sight of our quarters. Mine was the "right center" company—"color company"—and being the last man to "fall in," my place was accordingly on the left, next to the flag. Our regimental movements all being "guide center," being the center man I was relieved of much of the fatigue which the wings endured, thus giving me an opportunity "to see what was going on." My regiment being on this time without a "color guard" I found myself filling that important and dangerous position also. This double part I occupied through all of Sunday and the greater part of Monday; until, while persuing the enemy in full retreat, one of their backward shots took effect in my leg. Strange as it may seem, my company, although as fiercely and as constantly engaged during this battle as, perhaps, any other, lost none killed. But out of 30 men who went into it on that Sunday morning, 26 of us were wounded. As to any preparations for an expected engagement, I saw none whatever while strolling along a large part of the line but a day or two before.

SAMUEL J. M. ANDREWS,
Edgewood, Ill.
Late of Co. E, 17th Regt. Ill. Vol. Inft.

Sturgis.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

I would suggest that a monster petition be presented to the President of the United States to remove one so offensive to all loyal citizens from so important a position.

S. J. M. A.

Edgewood, Ill.

A Wonderful Remedy.

Mr. R. P. Lewis, of East Saginaw, Mich., writing to the editor of the Laporte (Ind.) *Argus*, says: "I wish you would allow me to say, over my own signature, a word in behalf of a remarkable curative agent—Compound Oxygen. It is not a medicine but a vitalizer, and its effects are natural, direct and permanent. Its use involves no risk or inconvenience of any kind. I speak both from observation and experience. I was induced to try it by the recommendations of such men as T. S. Arthur and Judge Kelley, and also a personal friend, *and have found it more than was promised.* This was over six months ago, and *the good effects have been permanent.* A gain of 14 pounds in six weeks was the avordupois result, but my general spirits were lightened up at least a ton. There are three other men here who have tried the Compound Oxygen with even more striking results, and I am acquainted with the history of each case. One of them lost his voice last Winter, and was so run down in general health that little hope was entertained of his recovery. The Oxygen cured him without change of climate or stopping work, and he says he is as well as ever. Another, who had worked for years as paying teller in a bank, and was all used up and not expected to live beyond a month or two, took the Treatment and is a hundred per cent. better and recovering rapidly. Another, who was in the later stages of consumption, has tried it and is greatly improved. *He tells me he would have been dead long ago but for this remedy.* I have no ax to grind in making this statement, and if you should not publish it I would lose nothing by the refusal, though if you should others might be benefited, which is all the end I have sought to compass." Any who may desire to investigate the claims made for this new and natural remedy, can receive pamphlet, testimonials, etc., postage free, by addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

For the Blade.

ZULEIKA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDERICH BODENSTEDT,
(MIRZA SHAFFY.)

Not with the angels, in Heaven's shining streets;
Not with roses diffusing fragrant sweets;
No, not even the glorious sun I dare
With my darling Zuleika compare.

For the angels' sweet breasts are loveless all;
Thorns appear when the roses' red leaves fall;
Sad dews gloomy destroy the sunlight fair.
Not one of these can with Zuleika compare.

Naught the far-reaching world can show the eye
With Zuleika's bewitching charms can vie.
Love-beaming, thornless and surpassing fair,
With herself I can only Zuleika compare.

THE BOY NAVIGATOR.

A Sequel to "Tiger Tim, the Pawne Cove;" "Bill Snipes, the Boy President;" "The Child Congressman;" "Alonzo Slack, the Boy Octogenarian;" "Baby Nell, the Child Great Grandmother," Etc, Etc.

Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.

CHAPTER I.

"Mr. Thumper," said little Tom Blowgun, "I will not lenger endure this tyranny! Lie there!"

And with a well-directed blow straight from the shoulder, the boy laid his cowardly insulter in the dust and old paper wads at his feet. Then, turning on his feet, he left the room.

Mr. Thumper was principal of the Ninth district grammar school. A man of herculean frame, measuring six feet thirteen inches in height, and weighing 293 pounds, he relied upon his immense physical prowess to protect him in his tyranny.

Tom Blowgun was a proud-spirited boy of 11 years, small of his age, and very slender. But he had the soul of a lion.

He had endured the brutal oppression of the despot until endurance ceased to be a virtue. On the day on which our story opens, Mr. Thumper went one step too far in his pitiless abuse of power. He asked Tom how much two and two made.

Conquering his disgust for the man, in his passion for mathematics, for he loved learning with all the devotion of a scholar, Tom lifted his frank, honest gaze to the teacher's face.

"Seven, sir," he said.

"Oh no, try again," said the tyrant, with a false smile on his wicked face.

"Eleven," Tom replied, correcting himself. "I meant eleven in the first place," he added, in a tone of proud defiance that made the teacher turn pale.

"Oh no," he said with ashen lips, "it makes only four."

And then the boy, his proud soul mounting to his eyes, smote him to the earth, and striding across his prostrate form, left the schoolroom forever.

Tom was an orphan, dependent upon his only father and mother for support. When they heard he had left school, his mother strained him to her heart with one hand, and wore out the dome of his pantaloons with a number eight slipper with the other. Then she released him from her fond embrace.

"Wait till your father comes home," she said.

The brave boy said he would be only too glad to do so, but he hadn't time.

"What are you going to do?" asked his mother.

"I am going to build a ship," he said.

His mother, who never fully appreciated nor even comprehended his genius and energy, said she didn't believe he could build a ship. The noble boy said, "I forgive you," and went into the pantry for a case-knife.

He took three boards off the back fence, and then went down the alley a short distance and borrowed several pieces of fencing from a neighboring lumber yard. The man who owned the lumber yard was not at home. Tom knew it. He was a supercilious, purse proud man of vulgar origis, and the boy's manly spirit could not stoop to borrow anything of him when he was in sight. It was all he could do to stoop to his fencing. That nearly broke his back.

Returning home he planed the boards smooth with his case knife. He cut down a locust tree that grew on the sidewalk and fashioned the keel from it. This he laid with great care and precision. Then he put in the rudder post and bolted it fast. He was too poor to buy bolts, so he made his own out of joints of lead pipe that he had been collecting and saving up for circus day. Then he rove in the main halyards, belaying them carefully at the corners with cleats of tarpaulin.

He had no trouble until it came to slushing the bobstay. When he attempted to make it fast it swung so far abatt the binnacle that it put out the dead eye and dropped afoul of the peak.

"What will you do now?" asked his little sister Ann, who was sitting near him, eating a piece of pie.

"Shut up your mouth," said the noble boy, "or I'll slap your nasty snout!"

So saying, he took her pie away from her, and ate it up. Tom loved his little sister dearly, and he could not endure to see her sowing the seeds of dyspepsia in her system. He dreaded to think that by early acquiring an incurable disease of the liver and digestive organs, she might grow up to be a reformer.

He finally secured the bob-stay in its place, and the rest of his task was comparatively easy. He had some difficulty in setting the masts, because a stick of Norway pine, 80 feet long, and nearly three feet in diameter at the butt, is no small burden for a boy of 11 years to lift alone. But Tom was not a boy to be daunted by difficulties. He made his little sister Ann carry the big end of the mast, and soon had it in place. The ship was now ready for the canvas. Tom procured this at a neighboring grocery, promising to pay for it with the proceeds of his first cargo. The grocer was a keen business man, and he saw that Tom meant what he said. So he let him have it, charging him, however, nearly double what it was worth. The boy said nothing aloud, but he thought within himself, "All right, old Sandsugar, it's your turn now. You just wait till you get your pay before you chuckle." Tom cut out the sails and his sister Ann sewed them.

Ann was only five years old, but she sewed beautifully. The parents of these children did not believe in bringing up boys and girls in idleness.

When Tom's father came home that evening he was surprised to see a beautiful three-masted schooner of 2,300 tons burden, full-rigged and ready for sea, flying the American colors at the main peak, standing in the back yard.

"Who built that ship?" he asked.

"I did," said Tom.

"That's a pretty good ship," said his father, examining it critically.

Tom's father was Secretary of the Navy, consequently this was the first ship he had ever seen, and he was much interested in it. "But doesn't the stern post bowse a little too much aft?" he asked.

But when Tom told him that was the bowsprit he was looking at, and not the stern post, his father seemed glad.

"Well," he said, "I had rather see you building ships than wasting your time in literature. But how will you get your ship to sea?"

You see, the Blowguns lived in Central Iowa, about 1800 miles from any salt water, and 75 miles from either of the two prevailing streams of the Hawkeye State, Skunk river and Sugar creek. As the schooner drew about 17 feet of water, it appeared to be a task of great difficulty to get her to the sea.

But Tom was a boy full of expedients. He went to the Superintendent of the Sunday School and persuaded him to appoint a picnic for the following day. The next morning about nine o'clock it began to rain, and it rained so hard that by six o'clock that evening Tom stood on the deck of his schooner, riding at anchor in the Gulf of Keokuk, while the setting rays of the rising sun glittered brightly on the name of the schooner, painted in large gold letters across the main truck, "The Lively Ann."

He named it after his little sister.

The brave boy wore a proud smile as he trod the quarter-deck. But he didn't wear it long, and he didn't tread it a great while. He turned deadly pale, and by and by he felt as though he had swallowed the quarterdeck and it wasn't going to agree with him.

"Dear, dear," said the proud sailor boy, "I believe I will have to heave to."

And immediately he did, too.

[To be continued.]

[It may be objected, by certain good and fastidious people, that there are in the opening chapters of the story for boys, certain elements of improbability. But we think if those critical people will just take the trouble to examine much of what passes the ordeal of reviewers and is generally accepted as standard juvenile literature, not the flash weekly papers and coarse magazines that everybody most justly condemns, but many of the books for boys that may be found on the shelves of respectable and reputable libraries, they will find that our story is not much improbable than some of the standard stories for boys. And don't get discouraged thus early. We haven't got fairly started with the story yet.]

THE SWAMP COUNTRY.

Big Water on the Mississippi in 1844.

Scribner for July.

Life in the Mississippi swamp is unique, but perhaps never so much so as during that memorable Summer. The shallowest water, for indefinite miles in any direction, was two feet deep, the nearest land, the "Hills of the Arkansaw," 30 miles away. The mules were quartered on the upper floor of the gin-house; the cattle had been all drowned long ago; planter, negros, and overseer were confined in their respective domiciles; the grist-mill was under water, and there was no means of preparing corn for culinary purposes except a wooden hominy-mortar. The hog and-hominy diet (so highly extrolled by some people who have never lived on it) was adopted of necessity, the former being represented by mess pork, salter than tongue can tell. There were no visitors, except now and then a sociable snake, which, no doubt, bored by swimming around indefinitely in the overflow, and craving even human companionship, would glide up on the gallery of some of the houses There was no means of locomotion except the skiff and the humble, but ever serviceable dug-out—nowhere to go and nobody within a day's journey otherwise or more comfortably situated. The only sense of sympathy from without was had from remote and infrequent glimpses of the gallant steamer "J. M. White," which, leaping from point to point, made better time from New Orleans to St. Louis than was ever made before or for many years after.

That year, 19 plantations out of 20 failed to produce a single pound of cotton or a single bushel of corn, and when the flood was over and the swamp Noahs came out of their respective arks, they were, to say the least, malcontent. They were not ruined, of course, but they had lost a whole year's gross income. Moreover, the prestige of the swamp as a cotton country was wofully diminished. The planters in the "Hills," as the uplands are denominated, began to hold up their heads, no longer overcrowed by the extraordinary crops alleged to have been heretofore produced in the swamp.

The swamp planters set to work to redeem the disaster, and to provide, as far as possible, against its recurrence. With the purpose of retrieving their financial fortunes they took some unique measures. There is a tradition that, at a public meeting held in Greenville, Miss., in October, 1844, among other more commonplace resolutions, one was gravely and unanimously adopted to the effect that a demand of payment within twelve months from that date of any debt, great or small, upon any planter who had been overflowed that year, should be considered distinctly "personal"—a clear case for pistols and coffee. The code was certainly a curious institution, but probably this is the only instance in which it was expected to do duty as a stay law.

RARE ENDURANCE.

The "Fatal" Shot which Did Not Kill Col. Anthony.

New York Tribune.

The rare endurance Pres. Garfield is showing in his fight with the assassin's bullet recalls some instances in the past where a similar fight has been crowned with victory. One of the most notable of these is the case of Col. D. R. Anthony, editor of the Leavenworth (Kansas) *Times*, and a brother of Susan B. Anthony. Col. Anthony had always been distinguished for devotion to his friends and bitter hostility toward his enemies. A quarrel had arisen between him and a Mr. Embry, the editor of an opposition paper, and both men went armed for some time. On the night of the 11th of May, 1875, Col. Anthony attended a dramatic performance at the Leavenworth theater. Going out between the third and fourth acts he met his enemy in the lobby. Some angry words passed between them, when Embry drew a pistol and fired three shots at Anthony. The first shot took effect in the right breast just above the collar-bone, severing a leading artery and causing violent internal hemorrhage. The attending surgeons at once pronounced the wound mortal, and gave the patient so many hours in which to prepare for death. No person, they said, similarly wounded, had ever been known to recover. But Col Anthony had no idea of weakly surrendering his life and dying according to the program the doctors marked out for him. Like Gen. Garfield, he had one chance for his life, and he determined to make a brave fight for that chance. Day after day he disappointed his physicians by not dying. After a few weeks from suffering he rose from his bed, and to-day he walks the streets of Leavenworth well and hearty, and edits one of the brightest newspapers in the West. Let us hope that Pres. Garfield will give another illustration of the ability of a strong will and a vigorous physique to set at naught some of the established precedents of medical science.

Simply Impossible.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Thoughts of a patriotic boy: I've tried hard to be like George Washington, but I can't. Every Fourth of July I steal barrels to set off firecrackers in, I chuck pieces of lighted punk into the carpenter's shop, I throw torpedos through the neighbors' windows. I load up my cannon and let her rip under the sick man's window across the way, I wait till I see a skittish horse coming before I touch off the double headers. If a think my pistol is going to bust, I give it to some other little boy to shoot first, and when dad don't come down with all the money I want I threaten to tell mother of the time I saw him trying to kiss the nurse. If George Washington wanted anybody to be like him he oughtn't to have been so hard to be like. But I don't believe there ever was any such person as George Washington.

Mostly Gas.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Little Charlie is sitting in the parlor when Julia's beau enters. Wishing to make a friend of the stripling he has come to regard as his future brother-in-law, he talks to him about toys and picture books and Indians, and finally asks him:

"Have you seen the comet?"

"You bet," answers Charley, "and Jule says it reminds her of you."

"Of me? Come, now, Charlie, what else did she say?"

"Nothing, only that it reminds her of you because it is chiefly gas."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
An Invaluable Tonic.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate is an invaluable tonic in any case where an acid tonic tonic is indicated.

J. L. PRATT, M. D.

Greenfield, Ill.

Terrible Loss of Life.

Millions of rats, mice, cats, bed-bugs, roaches, lose their lives by collision with "Rough on Rats." Sold by druggists. 15c boxes. Walding, Kinnan & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

LIGHTNING RODS.

Remarkable Increase in Their Use—Uncle Daniel Taken In by an Agent.

Talk of Rod-peddler in New York Sun.

"The use of lightning-rods has increased steadily ever since Franklin discovered their usefulness. There are now three large factories, in Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis, which make all sorts of rods, and there are an almost infinite number of smaller concerns. We manufacture a great deal for Mexico, South America and the West Indies. In the latter country they want the best. I have had to furnish for these specially constructed points or tips, heavily plated with platinum, which cost $50 each. All the tips are supposed to be pointed with platinum or gold plated, but very often they are simply brass, or covered with a yellow wash—that is the sort which the peddlers very often sell. Good, ordinary tips are worth, manufacturers' prices, $1 to $2 each; iron rods about eight cents per foot; copper rods from 6 to 20 cents; insulators or trimmings, at the rate of from 1½ to 2 cents up to 15 cents per foot on the length of rod employed. We do not send any lightning rods to Europe. The best protected building in New York, I think, is the new Union League Club house. The churches of St. Leo and St. Bernard are also well rodded. The Cooper Institute is well supplied with lightning rods, which were intelligently provided for in the original construction of the building by the making of a small well hole, from the roof to the ground, inside of the edifice—near where the elevator now is—through which they run down. The best rodded private residence I know of is that of Mr. Moses Taylor, at Elberon, near Long Branch. It was a good thing for both the public and the lightning rod men when the discovery was made that lightning always went for angles and sharp projections of buildings, so that rods were required at each corner to make the house really safe. What with circuits, four ground connections, added tips, etc., the bill for rodding a house ought to be satisfactory to the man who makes it out, and the results ought to satisfy the man who pays it.

"A lightning-rod man came down to Uncle Dan'l Drew once, with a note from some professor at the theological college that he was interested in suggesting that the college should be rodded. 'What will it cost?' asked Uncle Dan'l. 'I cannot say positively,' said the man, 'until I have measured it, but it may be as much as $400, or possibly, even $500.' 'Oh! That's all right, go ahead,' said Uncle Dan'l, and he gave him a written order. The work was done and the bill was sent in for $1,900. Uncle Dan'l declared that he wouldn't pay it; that the man who took the order said it would be only $400 or $500. 'Ah!' replied the bland gentleman who came to collect, 'we cannot be responsible for the mistakes and bad judgment of our employes.' Uncle Dan'l had to send a man to the college to see if they had actually put up as many feet of rod as they claimed. He found the building overlaid with rods until it looked as if it was in a big cage. That professor would not let him dig to ascertain what the ground connections were, but he did pull up one ground rod on the sly, and found at the bottom of a deep hole 18 feet of rod coiled up. Uncle Dan'l eventually paid the bill, but I never heard of his buying any more lightning rods.

"I never heard of a lightning rod man getting the worst of a job except in one case, and I don't vouch for the truth of that. It is said that one of the craft drove up in front of a fine new and large house out West and told a man who was reading at the door that he ought to have lightning rods on his house. The man said he hadn't thought about it.

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that we can undertake answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems or diagrams.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come in this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Questions as to the standing or reliability of persons, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it would be impossible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the question was unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf as letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters in answer to questions for this department of the paper should be addressed "Correspondents' Department."

A. B., Bloomfield, Mo.:
What is the true meaning of the expression, "Let sorrow be clear, though the Heaven's fall?"
Ans.—It is from the Latin, *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum*, which means, "Let justice be done though the heavens fall."

J. E. G., Maysville, Ga.:
What is the meaning of conscript fathers?
Ans.—It was a honorable designation given to the Roman Senators because their names were written in the registers of the Senate.

J. E. N., Fond du Lac, Wis.:
What is the meaning of the line in the poem "Niagara," "Your rolling rapidly?"
Ans.—It refers to the north of Europe, which, after its formula, after a northwesterly course of 600 miles, meets the Elbe at Alt Bunglau.

A. B., Northwood, O.:
1. When were convents first established?
Ans.—According to some authorities in 270. The nuns in England was erected at Folkstone, in 680. In Scotland was at Coldingham, in 680. They were founded earlier than this date in Ireland.

Reuben Schoolcraft, Mich.:
1. What is the meaning of the word Infanta and Infante?
Ans.—Infanta is the name given to all the daughters of the Kings of Spain or Portugal, except the eldest, who is denominated the Princess. Infante is a term applied to the sons of the two Kings, except their heir apparent in Spain, who is called Principe, or Prince of the Asturias.

Rev. Eliot Knight, Mo.:
1. Why does water freeze more quickly than salt? 2. Why can deaf people hear through the air or through water?
Ans.—1. Milk contains salts in solution. In consequence of which it requires a greater degree of cold to congeal it than water. 2. The ear drum restrains the spread of the voice and lessens the diameter of the sound waves, thus increasing their strength.

F. T., North Salem, O.:
What were the attorneys in the Forrest divorce case? Was James T. Boody employed by either party?
Ans.—Charles O'Connor conducted the case as counsel for Mr. Forrest, Messrs. Howland and Aspinwall for his attorneys. John VanBuren and Mr. Robinson were Mr. Forrest's lawyers. It is only certainly did not take a prominent part in the case. If any, as his name is not mentioned in the report of the trial.

A. M. Shakopee, Minn.:
1. Why does chloride of lime fumigate a sick room? 2. Why does the sun look red in a fog?
Ans.—1. Because the chloride absorbs the hydrogen of the stale air, and by this means removes both the offensive smell and the infection of a sick room. 2. Because red rays have a greater momentum than other rays; and this superior momentum enables them to penetrate the dense atmosphere more readily than either blue or yellow rays, which are either absorbed or reflected by the fog.

J. H. S., Freeport, Ill.:
What is the composition of Pinchbeck jewelry, and why so called?
Ans.—It is the alloy of copper and zinc, consisting of two or four parts of copper and one or two of zinc, according to the color or hardness of quality required. Pinchbeck is another kind of brass, and on account of its color (under certain proportions of the two metals) resembling gold, has been much used as an imitation of that metal for watch cases, etc. It is called from the name of its inventor.

R. D. S., Walnut Grove, Tenn.:
What sort of a boat or vessel is a Chinese junk?
Ans.—A large flat bottomed vessel with three masts, sustained by two or three shrouds, which are sometimes carried on the windward side. They have also a short bowsprit placed on the starboard bow; the sails are most frequently made of mats, and the anchor nearly always of wood. The average size of the junks found in the Chinese waters is from 100 to 300 tons burden, but larger ones are built, and the war junks or vessels of the national navy are occasionally larger.

I. S. D., Mt. Vernon, Mo.:
What was the fastest time made by the celebrated horse Lexington? What was the time made in the famous race at New Orleans? Who was it beaten, and by what horse?
Ans.—In the race at New Orleans, April 2, 1855, Lexington, carrying 103 pounds, made four miles in seven minutes 19½ seconds. The fastest mile made by trotters was by Maud S., in 2:08¼. Following is the record of other "fast": St. Julian, 2:12¾; Rarus, 2:13¼; Goldsmith Maid, 2:14; Sleepy Tom (pacer), 2:09; Hopeful, 2:14½; Dexter, 2:17¼; Edwin Forrest, 2:18.

S. E. M., Concordia, Kan.:
1. Why do stars twinkle more than usual just previous to rain? 2. What are the ingredients of gunpowder?
Ans.—1. Because the air is unequally filled with vapor, which offers constant obstruction to the passage of the rays, and clouds and other opaque vapors passing through the air veil for a little time the light of the stars, which again becomes apparent after the clouds have passed. This constant shutting off the light for very brief intervals, produces what is called twinkling. 2. Gunpowder consists of 76 parts of nitre, 15 charcoal, and 11 sulphur.

J. S. H., New Oxford, Pa.:
1. What Township of land in Florida was awarded to Gen. Lafayette for his services during the Revolutionary War, and in what County was it located? 2. Please give me the time, date and location of the oldest known Town in the world.
Ans.—1. In December, 1824, Congress voted Lafayette a grant of $200,000 and a Township of land, "in consideration of his important services and expenditures during the American Revolution." The land warrant, like all others, could be located on any public land, but we do not know where it was located. 2. It is difficult to determine, as there is no knowing how old some of the towns of China are.

F. F., Big Stomico, Wis.:
Is there a hill or mountain in New Hampshire from which isinglass is obtained? If so, for what purpose is it used? I always supposed that isinglass was obtained from the fish, as explained in the BLADE some time ago.
Ans.—You probably refer to the mica quarries, at Alstead, Grafton, and several other places. This is used for windows in stoves, lanterns, lampass cards, etc. The quarts found at Lyndeborough is used in the manufacture of glass. Iodine or soapstone is also found in many localities, and is used for stoves, fireplaces, sinks, rollers used in dressing cotton warp, etc. We do not find in the American Cyclopedia any reference to isinglass being found in New Hampshire.

R. H., Walnut Hill, Tex.:
What is the composition of celluloid?
Ans.—Celluloid is made from the cellulore contained in cotton cloth or raw cotton. The cotton is treated to a weak solution of nitric acid. This has the effect of making a pulp of cotton very much like paper pulp. After the acid has acted the pulp is treated to a copious waterbath that in a large measures washes out the acid. Then it goes through a partial drying process, and a large quantity of camphor gum is mixed with it, and it is rolled into sheets ready for the drying room, when it is dried on hot cylinders, the same as paper is dried. It can be softened by steam, but hardens again when it is dry. Celluloid, when ready for the market, burns as easily as ordinary sealing-wax.

J. T. M., Hartland, O.:
Please give the facts connected with the attempted assassination of Pres. Jackson.
Ans.—On the 29th of January, 1835, an attempt was made to assassinate Gen. Jackson on the portico of the Capitol, at a funeral ceremony, by Richard Lawrence, a painter by trade, and resident of Washington. He exploded two caps on the pistols in the attempt. The pistols were afterward found to be well loaded, and Jackson's escape was considered miraculous. The would-be assassin was knocked down and taken into custody. Gen. Jackson always believed that this act was perpetrated at the instigation of some of the friends of the banks, but the would be assassin was evidently crazy. Prior to this, in 1833, Gen. Jackson was assaulted while sitting down reading a newspaper on the boat at Alexandria, but the friends of the assailant succeeded in getting him out of the way in good time.

Inquirer, Oak Bluff, Ark.:
What new Territories have been proposed for admission as States?
Ans.—During the last three Congresses bills have been introduced in the Senate and House of Representatives providing for the organization of a new Territory out of a part of the Indian Territory. Most of the bills proposed the name of Oklahoma for the new political organization. One of the bills, however, gave it the name of Tishmingo. Neither branch of Congress has ever taken favorable action on either of these bills. During the 47th and 46th Congresses a strong effort was made in the Senate to divide the Territory of Dakota, and of the northern part to create a new Territory. Bills for this purpose were reported favorably from the Committee on Territories. The one reported in the 45th Congress proposed the name Lincoln for the new Territory; the one reported in the 46th Congress adopted the name Pembina. The Senate took no action on the subject.

M. R., Sand Creek, Neb.:
What steps have to be taken to secure an amendment to the Constitution of the United States?
Ans.—The Constitution makes the following provision in regard to amendments: "The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two thirds of the States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States, or by convention in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress; provided, that no amendment which may be made prior to the year 1808 shall in any manner affect the first and fourth clauses in the ninth section of the first article; and that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate."

F. H., Lincoln, Neb.:
What were the Junius letters, so often mentioned in the newspapers?
Ans.—A series of political letters which appeared in a London publication called the Public Advertiser, between 1769 and 1772, in the early part of George III's reign. They were generally addressed to the Ministers of the Crown and to the King himself, reflecting in a strain of unsurpassed vigor, eloquence and sarcasm on the home and foreign policy they were supposed to advocate and support. The withering censure passed on the conduct of the different peers, and the gravity of the accusations promulgated, led to many answers from the denounced Ministers; and though several of these "answers," as they were called, were calm, dignified, and fine examples of epistolary composition, judged by themselves, they fell into obscurity when measured by the standard of "Junius's" productions. Every conceivable means were resorted to, in order to discover the author of the stinging letters, but all to no purpose; and now after more than a hundred years, though the greater weight of belief has fallen on the name of Sir Philip Francis, the author ship of these masterly examples of English prose composition is still a matter of surmise.

A. M. W., Coshocton, O.:
Please tell, in the correspondents' column, how nickel plating is done.
Ans.—A method for plating various metals with nickel, without the aid of the battery, devised by Prof. Stolba, is as follows: In the plating vessel, which may be of porcelain, though copper is preferable, is placed a concentrated solution of zinc chloride, which is then diluted with from one to two volumes of water, and heated to boiling. If any precipitate separates it is to be redissolved by adding a few drops of hydrochloric acid. As much powdered zinc as can be taken on the point of a knife is thrown in, by which the vessel becomes covered internally with a coating of zinc. The nickel salt (either the chloride or sulphate may be used) is then added until the liquid is distinctly green; and the articles to be plated, previously thoroughly cleaned, are introduced together with some fragments. The boiling is continued for 15 minutes, when the coating of nickel is completed, and the process is finished. The articles are well washed with water and cleaned with chalk. If a thicker coating be desired, the operation may be repeated. Isaac Adams, of Boston, employs the double chloride of nickel and ammonium. He says the presence of even slight traces of the fixed alkalies is injurious, as they occasion the deposition of oxide nickel. According to Jacobi, the anode should be made of pure fused nickel; while Remington prefers to suspend pieces of metal in the bath.

John, Westbrook, Neb.:
Who instituted the Order of the Garter, what are its objects, and who belong to it?
Ans.—The Order was instituted by Edward III., in 1350. The story of the Countess of Salisbury dropping her garter at a ball, and the King picking it up and presenting it to her, with the words, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," (evil to him who evil thinks), as a reproof to the smiling courtiers, is supposed to have been the origin of this inauguration; and though the story has been disbelieved, it is the only tradition in existence that bears upon the subject. The words imputed to the Monarch, however, became the motto or legend of the order, and, being worked on a garter, give some coloring to the story. The Garter is the highest order of knighthood in the kingdom, and is styled The Most Noble Order of the Garter. The Sovereign is the chief of the order and the knights are mostly Princes and Peers. The number was originally 26, including the Sovereign; but George III., in 1786, increased the number to 32, desiring that the additional six should be reserved for members of the royal family and illustrious foreigners. The officers of the order are, as Prelate, the Bishop of Winchester; as Chancellor, the Bishop of Oxford; as Registrar, the Dean of Windsor; Garter, Principal Knight-at-Arms and a Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. They have also 12 canons and petty canons, and 26 pensioners, or poor knights. The costume chiefly consists of a mantle of dark blue velvet, with a hood of crimson velvet, cap, with an ostrich and heron plume, white silk stockings and a garter of dark blue velvet, with the letters of the motto in gold thread woven under the left knee. A gold medallion of St. George and the Dragon, attached to a blue ribbon, is worn suspended from the neck, as a badge, also a star on the left breast. The installation of members takes place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and there, over their stalls, the banners of the knights are suspended.

S. H., Atkinson, Ill.:
What was the origin of the custom of appointing a poet laureate in England?
Ans.—The custom of crowning a poet with laurel originated among the Greeks, and was adopted by the Romans, who borrowed this, as many other things, from their more cultured neighbors of the East. The poets who received the crown were the ones who succeeded in the contests. In the twelfth century the custom was revived in Germany by the Emperor, who invented the title of poet laureate. Petrarch was crowned in 1341 at the Roman capital, which event attached new interest to the title. The early history of the laureateship in England is traditional. The story runs that Edward III., in 1267, emulating the coronation of Petrarch, granted the office to Chaucer, with a yearly pension of 100 marks and a tierce of Malvoisie wine. Ben, rare old Ben Jonson, mentions Henry Scogan as the laureate of Henry IV., John Kay, or Cain, was court poet under Edward IV., and Andrew Bernard held the same office under Henry VII. and Henry VIII. John Skelton received from Oxford, and subsequently from Cambridge, the title of poet laureate; and Spencer is spoken of as the laureate of Queen Elizabeth, because of his having received a pension of £10 a year when he presented her the first books of the "Faerie Queen." In 1619 the "order" was formally established by James I., who granted Ben Jonson, by patent, an annuity for life of 100 marks, and thus secured his services. In 1630 the laureateship was made a patent office in the gift of the Lord Chamberlain. The salary was increased from 100 marks to £100, and a tierce of Canary wine was added, which was commuted in Southey's time for £27 a year. There was from that period a regular succession of laureates. The performance of the annual odes was suspended after the final derangement of George II. in 1810. The poet-laureate from the time of Southey has written what he chose. Wordsworth wrote nothing in return for the distinction, and Tennyson has written very little.

J. M., Tuscumbia, Ala.:
Will you please give a description of Niagara Falls?
Ans.—To a proper understanding of Niagara Falls it is necessary to include in its description Niagara River, a stream connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario commencing at the northeast extremity of Lake Erie, and forming, in fact, the outlets of that great sheet of water, and all the lakes and water courses that form to the north and west, beyond Lake Erie. The river is 33½ miles long, taking in all its bends, or 28 miles in a direct line; where it emerges from Lake Erie it is three quarters of a mile wide, with a depth of from 40 to 60 feet. In many parts of this course it widens considerably, and, in some places is nearly seven miles across, encountering several small and fertile islands, one of which is 17 miles long. From one of these—Navy Island, belonging to Great Britain—the river narrows from two miles into the rapids that terminate in the Falls of Niagara, 22 miles below Lake Erie and 14 above Lake Ontario. This sheet of water, coming with the weight, impetus and volume of all the comparatively small and higher lakes of the woods, of Lake Superior, Michigan, Huron and Erie, with all the rivers, streams and water-courses that precipitate their several floods into one or other of these vast reservoirs, is flung in one mighty volume over a rocky leap of 160 feet of sheer descent, with a roar like the heaviest thunder, and a din that deafens the ear and puts to silence any other voice of nature. In consequence of a bend of the river, the chief mass of water is flung upon the Canadian shore, down what used to be called the Horse shoe Falls; but the edge of the precipice having been washed away, the figure of expression is no longer admissable or correct. Upon the brow of the precipice, and nearly in the center of the last terrific rush of the river, projects a small island, containing about 75 acres, an oasis in this waste of flashing, seething, thundering waters. This spot, the last and only hope of the miserable wretch sucked into the frightful rapids, is called Goat's Island. Here the fall is 78 rods, and from that point round the Horse-shoe to the Canadian shore, 144 rods, and the total breadth following the inequalities of the cataracts, 222 rods. The hight of the Falls on the south or American side is 163 feet; at Goat Island, 158 feet, and on the Canadian side of the same island, 154 feet; and from Table Rock, a shelving projection on the British side, the water has a sheer descent of 150 feet. The rapids of Niagara commence only a mile above the Falls, but in that short space fall 70 feet.

Young Reader, Live Oak, Ia.:
How is a galvanic battery constructed?
Ans.—A galvanic battery consists of a series of two thin plates of copper and zinc, closely united together, and cemented into a long narrow wooden box, without a lid, and constructed with groves down each side, and across the bottom, into which each set of united plates fit tightly; a space, or cell, as it is called, being left of two or more inches, according to the size of the trough, between each set of plates. The spaces or cells between each metallic partition are then filled with a weak acidulated mixture, such as sulphuric acid, considerably diluted with water. Each end of the trough is furnished in its middle by two or three metallic loops or eyes, through which the end of a wire is passed till it touches the bottom of the end cell, the loops serving to keep the wires in position. The trough is now converted into a battery, and the effect, after a few minutes, becomes apparent. Still, certain conditions are necessary; of these, the first is that—as each set of plates have been joined, as it were, back to back—all the zinc faces look one way, no matter which, and all the copper the other, one making the *negative* and the other the *positive* pole of the battery. The wire—or that length above what is inserted into the ends of the battery—from each end, is now to be brought together, till both touch or are laced together, when the galvanic circuit will be complete, and the usual phenomena resulting from galvanism become evident. The number and size of the metallic plates in the battery depend upon the force desired, and may consist of from eight double sets to 20 pairs of plates, and from four inches square to 32 inches. When a very considerable galvanic power is desired, it may be obtained by uniting several small batteries together in a line, by connecting the zinc end of one trough to the copper end of another, through the means of a piece of wire passed through or down the loops at the end of each trough. The galvanic pile, or voltaic column, consists of a basement of wood into which three or four pillars of glass are firmly inserted, one at each end and one in the center of each lateral part. A series of zinc and copper, or zinc and silver plates, the one metal being above and the other below, throughout the course, are then piled within the glass pillars; a square of folded cloth or felt, of the same size as the metal, or a little larger, soaked in a mixture of salt and water, is placed between each two plates as far as the column extends; and, finally, a pice of wood, with apertuses to admit the tops of the pillars, inserted in the top and pressed down sufficiently to retain the whole series in security and apposition. The two extremities, as in the galvanic battery, and in the same manner, from the two poles of the pile; the power and potency of the column being capable of increase to almost any amount, by the junction of one voltaic pile with another, as in the former case.

W. G., Pleasantville, Ind.:
Who were the mound builders? What became of them? Where have the largest mounds been found?
Ans.—The first part of your question is one that has puzzled historians for ages. It seems, however, to be settled, that long before the Indians of the present day, there lived in North America a race of men who disappeared centuries ago, leaving no trace of history or even a name behind. Their monuments—or mounds—may be divided into three general classes—first, for war; second, for sarifice or worship; and third, for the burial of the dead. Of the first class, is a specimen near Chillicothe, O., where the summit of a hill is occupied by an irregular work of earth and stone resembling the breastworks used in modern warfare. At Marietta, O., are evidences of a covered way leading to the Muskingum River, evidently designed, in case of siege, as a safe avenue to obtain water. Similar instances are recorded along the Missouri River. On the Miami River, near Hamilton, O., are the evidences of what was once evidently a fortification. Another class of structures are called "Mounds of Observation," or alarm posts. They are small at the base and higher in proportion, and from their location are supposed to have been used as signal posts. The second general class of these works have been styled "Sacred Enclosures," from their apparent use. They are regular in shape, forming almost a circle, with an opening at one side, or sometimes very much like a horseshoe, with a small mound in the center, which may have served for sacrificial purposes. Their location and structure preclude the idea that they were used for war purposes. It has been suggested by some that these people were worshippers of the sun, and built their holy places, in shape, to conform to that of the great luminary whence they supposed all life to flow. The "Sepulchral Mounds," however, are the structures from which the "mound builders" really take their name. On the borders of Ossipee Lake, New Hampshire, near St. Regis, on the St. Lawrence River, and at various points in the Middle and seaboard States, are heaps of earth which are popularly known as "Indian Mounds." These, however, are of comparative recent date, and are not classed as the work of the "mound-builders" proper. At Grave Creek, W. Va., is one of the most remarkable specimens of the so called "mound-builders'" work. Some 40 years ago this mound was opened and explored. About 40 feet from the summit the workmen came upon a vault 8x12 feet and 7 feet high, formed by supporting timbers at the sides and overhead; another chamber of similar construction, but of larger dimensions, was also discovered. In each of these vaults was found the skeleton of a human being, surrounded with such a wreath of ornaments as to leave little doubt that they were the skeletons of chiefs or Kings. In 1868 a mound was explored near Newark, O., about 10 feet high and 80 feet in circumference. This also contained skeletons, one being that of a child with a string of copper beads about its neck. In this mound were found hatchets of hematite and greenstone, a flint chisel, needles made from the small bones in a deer's foot, a few bits of pottery and bones of animals. Jared H. Chapin, in his "Creation," says there is undisputable evidence that these works were built and abandoned centuries ago, and his theory is that 2,000 years ago, more or less, the interior of this continent was occupied by a large population of semi-civilized men far surpassing the Indian of the later day, and that they were driven from their homes by the invasion of powerful northern or eastern tribes, finding a refuge in Mexico, where they developed the type of civilization that culminated in the halls and courts of Montezuma.

Information Wanted.

J. M. Chambers, Babylor, Fulton Co., Ill., wishes the address of Amos H. Cole.

W. R. Poage, Shelbyville Mo., wishes the address of Dr. —— Shirley 42d Mo. Inf.

John Carroll, Chambersburg, O., wants the address of Charles Bunce, Surgeon of the 19th Ill. Vet. Vol. Inf.

Wilbur Haw, Lenark Carroll Co., Ill., would like to hear from any of the old members of Co. M., 4th U. S. Cav.

H. W. Kimbrough, Racine, Newton Co., Mo., wishes the address of Franklin P. Herndon; last heard from at Leadville, Col.

H. D Duffield, Pittsburg, Ia., would like the address of Dr. Winchester, who was a Surgeon in Mound City Hospital in February, 1862.

John F. Lovejoy, Reed Creek, Wayne Co., N. Y., wants the address of Dr. Philip Fitzsimmons, who was Surgeon of the 160th Regt., N. Y. Vols.

Peter Bedor, Concordia, Cloud Co., Kans., wants the address of Col. Aloot, or Capt. Noger, or Corp. Poepil, or Dr. Spencer, of 1st Conn. Art.

David Johnson, Half-moon Island, Roane Co., Tenn., wishes information of any of the officers of Company C, 1st Regiment, United States (Colored) Heavy Artillery.

Philip Lowery, Brownville, Nemaha Co., Neb., wishes the address of Capt. Philip Florreich, and Lieut. Chas. F. Harteman, of Co. L, 3d Mo. Cav. Vols., or any member of said company.

J. B. McNair, Willow Hill, Ill., wishes the address of Dr. McNeill, who attended John J. Brooks, a discharged soldier, in his last illness, at or near Mechanicsburg, Ill., in the year 1864-65.

Ira M. Hatch, Rutland, Vt., wishes the address of Dr. E. J. Marsh, in charge of hospital at Washington in 1863, or the address of some nurses of Judiciary Square Hospital in the months of February or March, 1863.

C. S. Fitch, Candor, Tioga Co., N. Y., wishes the address of Charles E. Hargous, Lieut. Burke and Sergt. Brightman, last heard of at Cincinnati. Also of Sergt Crossman, a blacksmith; all belonged to Co. I, 15th N. Y. Vol. Engineers.

G. W. Forsyth, Millersburg, Mercer Co., Ill., writes: "Will any old soldier, or any person knowing the address of Ben. F. Gould, Will Johnson, Dave Heminger, Charles H. Houghton, or any member of Co. A, M'Clellan Dragoons and Veterans of Co. H, 12th Ill. Cavalry, confer a great favor by writing me as above?"

Information Furnished.

Capt. Aaron Chandler (or Chanells) is dead. His widow lives in Utica, Licking Co., O.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1.20, signed Jas. Dinwiddie, no postoffice, county or State.

Letter containing $1.25, dated at Leisening, Fayette Co., Pa., no name attached.

Letter containing $1.25, stamped Oak Looge, Indian Ty., no name attached, and no order as to what is wanted.

Letter containing $2, dated at Clinton, Mich., signed Albert Chase; no order as to what is wanted.

Letter containing $1, signed James P. Dunaway. Can't read address.

Will Philo Hayes, of Miles City, give his full postoffice address, and the matter in reference to check No. 785 will be looked up.

Letter containing 40c, dated Pulaski, no County or State, signed John T. McCarthy, to pay for Blade for A. N. Beadle.

Letter containing 50c., dated at Vinton, Neb., no name attached.

Letter containing $1.25, St. Louis, no County or State. Signed C. W. Moffit, Agent.

Letter containing $2, to pay for five Blades, signed J. M. Mossbarger, no Postoffie, County or State.

Letter containing $1.25, signed S. E. Miller, no postoffice, County or State.

The Sunday School.

Moses and Aaron.

LESSON 4, SUNDAY, JULY 24, 1881.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He sent Moses his servant; and Aaron whom he had chosen.—Psa. 105:26.

LESSON TEXT.

Exod. 4: 27-31; 5: 1-4.

27. And the Lord said to Aaron, Go into the wilderness to meet Moses. And he went and met him in the mount of God, and kissed him.

28. And Moses told Aaron all the words of the Lord who had sent him, and all the signs which he had commanded him.

29. And Moses and Aaron went and gathered together all the elders of the children of Israel.

30. And Aaron spake all the words which the Lord spoken unto Moses, and did the signs in the sight of the people.

31. And the people believed; and when they heard that the Lord had visited the children of Israel, and that he had looked upon their affliction, then they bowed their heads and worshipped.

1. And afterward Moses and Aaron went in and told Pharaoh, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness.

2. And Pharaoh said, Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go.

3. And they said, The God of the Hebrews hath met with us: let us go, we pray thee, three days' journey into the desert, and sacrifice unto the Lord our God; lest he fall upon us with pestilence or with the sword.

4. And the king of Egypt said unto them Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, let the people from their works? get you unto your burdens.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The Lord said unto Aaron, Go into the wilderness (v. 27.) And the Lord has said the same thing to a great many since the days of Aaron. The wilderness is not an attractive place of itself; not so attractive as a palace or a farm-yard. Very few go into the wilderness unless the Lord sent them. But every child of God is at one time or another told of God to go into the wilderness, and when God tells him to go there, he ought to go fearlessly and without repining, even though he can never go there without privation and suffering. When our best laid earthly plans are disappointed, when those who have been dearest to us are taken from our sides, when friendships more precious than life itself are broken up, when our most sacred confidences are sorely betrayed, when health and strength fail us, and when even our mind and heart are no longer competent to the work and burdens of life, then it is that the Lord says to us, "Go into the wilderness," and there is no other way but to go.

And Moses told Aaron all the words of the Lord who had sent him (v. 28.) There are different ways of getting messages from God in the wilderness. Sometimes the message comes directly from God—as to Hagar and to Moses and to Elijah. Again it comes by the way of some one who has been there before, and to whom God has already spoken—as when Aaron had God's message at the lips of Moses. In either case it is to be recognized and heeded as the message of God. We ought to be on the watch for messages of God through those who have been with him in the wilderness. And when he has led us into the wilderness we ought to watch for the message he would have us to bear to others, and be faithful in its delivery. Moses must speak God's word to Aaron. Aaron must receive God's word from Moses.

And Aaron spake all the words, . . . and did the signs in the sight of the people (v. 30.) God might impress each heart by itself without any intervening agency. He may speak to every soul directly. But he doesn't choose to do this. He prefers to send messengers; to give to one of his servants a word of warning or of cheer to many of them. Woe to the child of God who has a message from God which he fails to deliver! "When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die: and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way to save his life, the same wicked men shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." Have you given God's message faithfully to every one to whom you have been sent of God—to child, or brother or sister, to your neighbor, to friend or business associate? God knows, and you ought to know.

The people believed, and when they heard that the Lord . . . had looked upon their affliction, then they bowed their heads and worshipped (v. 31.) People are a great deal more apt to receive a message as from God when it is in the line of their own longings. The Israelites were quick to receive from God a promise of relief from the Egyptian brick-making—readier to worship than when they wanted water or meat on the desert and failed to find it ready at hand far them. And they were very much like the rest of us in all this. How we should bow our heads and worship if the one inner longing of our hearts at this moment were granted to us, or even promised of God, all of a sudden! But how is it while God keeps back from us that which we long for, and we know that he is prompted to his course by both wisdom and love! Do we bow our heads and worship, all the same! Well, we bow our heads; but not always to worship

And Pharaoh said, Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go (v. 2.) God's message to Pharaoh was not in the line of Pharaoh's wishes. Of course it was at once an objection in Pharaoh's mind whether the message was really inspired, and whether the God who inspired it was all that was claimed for him. There is no cause of skepticism like self-interest. As soon as a man is determined to break any one of the ten commandments he is in a good state to take a liberal view of scientific questionings of the Mosaic precepts. And when Paul's teachings are in square conflict with a man's practice, that man begins to be in doubt about "Pauline theology." It is the same question over and over again, not even weak Pilate'e question, "What is truth?" but self-seeking Pharaoh's question, "Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice?"

Let us go . . . lest he fall upon us with pestilence, or with the sword (v. 3.) It is right to recognize the danger of disobedience to God. It is right to have in mind the fact that God will punish us if we refuse to do what he tells us to. It may answer for other people to talk about needing no other motive to well doing than love; but you and I are not always influenced by love alone. If we knew to-day that we could do wrong with entire impunity—do a little wrong, I mean, a pet wrong that no one would know anything about, and that wouldn't seem to harm anybody very much any way—could do it without any suffering or punishment; do you think we would be just as strong for the right as now, while we know that the disclosure and the punishment of sin is sure? Well, even if you and I think so, God doesn't take that view of it. God threatens as well as entreats. He holds up the danger of punishment for sin, as well as the rewards of loving and serving him trustfully; and God doesn't make any mistake in so doing.

Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, let the people from their works? Get you unto your burdens (v. 4.) That complaint has been made by a good many interested employers since the days of Pharaoh. "How these evangelists do hinder trade!" "What a clog on business this revival is!" "How much money these missionary causes do divert from the shop keepers?" "This Sunday-go to-meeting notion takes the profits off of the menagerie: or of the agricultural fair!" These thanksgivings and fast days interfere wretchedly with steady work!" "Why can't things go on regular, week in and week out, without any bother about religion?" This is the way the Pharaoh class looks at attention to God's service. But is it the right way?—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

PREHISTORIC MAN.

Some Interesting Recent Discoveries in Yucatan.

In Yucatan some discoveries have been made of a very interesting character, mainly by Dr. Le Plongeon, the agent of the American Archæological Insitute, who has excavated the ruins of Mayapan, once the capital of Mayas, a powerful tribe among the aboriginal inhabitants. The later history of that important town is well known; for, less than a century before the arrival of the Spanish invaders the King of the tribe had been murdered by his nobles, his followers dispersed and the royal City destroyed, so that the objects brought to light by Dr. Le Plongeon's exertions find their place immediately as historical documents. Among other things, portrait sculptures of the unfortunate King have been discovered, which are at once recognized as similar in face and figure to bass reliefs of Chichen Itza, the metropolis of Yucatan, where the Lords Paramount held their Court, and where the King of Myras is represented as doing a sort of homage to the Suzerain. The coincidence seems to point to a period of special artistic development throughout that region, when pictorial or sculptured representations of the affairs of daily life had become somewhat habitual. Further proofs of enlightenment are found in astronomical instruments, such as stone dials of accurate workmanship, which were found still standing on a smooth platform, covered only with a few inches of vegetable mold. Various observations were made in regard to the religious emblems dis covered, but beyond a strong resemblance of some of them to those of Eastern Asia, no extraordinary developments are made. Dr. Le Plongeon's account is show a remarkable and interesting continuity of language, family names, and even of habits between the ancient inhabitants of Yucatan and their modern descendants. It has been well said that all archæological discovery originates in the endeavor to investigate traditions, which survive after brich and stone have crumbled to dust; and it is very probable that further acquaintanced with the friendly and civilized natives may furnish clues to discoveries of great importance.

Penn'an Bones.

Pall Mall Gazette.

It is with a feeling of relief that most people will read in the morning papers that the Trustees of the cemetery in which the remains of William Penn lie buried have not sanctioned the removal of his ashes to another soil. More than half of the charm of English travel lies in the associations of our church-yards, and of the burial grounds in which the troubled souls of the Noncomformists of by-gone generations at last found rest. Even in the grave yards of the National Church the proudest prelate of the age not infrequently lies side by side with the most strenuous supporter of an antagonistic creed. William Penn is in the company of those with whom he acted during his public life, and with whom he agreed in religious belief. No ground of equal appropriateness could be found in America for his bones to rest in. His grave is the object of frequent pilgrimages from intelligent Americans, and in its present position it has for them an interest which would be utterly destroyed were it transplanted from amid his friends and fellow workers.

"Basket."

Notes and Queries.

Is it not true that "basket" is one of the oldest words in our language? It appears to have been in use here among the Britons during the Roman occupation, and to have been adopted into the Latin tongue. Thus Martial writes:

"Barbara de pictis vent *bascauda* Britannis;
Sed me jam mavult dicere Roma suam."

I doubt whether any other English word can be proved more ancient.

A Mean Combination.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

The man who shot the President says he is "a lawyer, a theologian and a politician." This appears to be an almighty mean combination.

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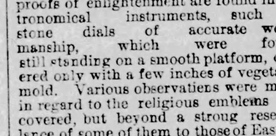

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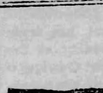

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JULY 14.

☞ Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as second-class matter.

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NASBY IN EUROPE.

By 10th Mr. D. R. LOCKE, (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby) will sail for Europe, for the purpose of contributing a series of letters to the TOLEDO BLADE. These letters will cover a period of six months, commencing June 1st.

They will be written in Mr. Nasby's peculiar vein, and will be as lively as he can make them. The TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is the LARGEST Political and Family paper in the United States, and in addition to this feature, contains a dozen others, known to and approved by a majority of the families in every State and Territory.

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in size and style similar to the one of President Garfield which we issued last Summer. This portrait in the picture stores would sell for 50c. It will not be put upon the market at all, and can only be had by subscribing to THE BLADE.

Those desiring these letters complete and the portrait will do well to send their orders early. We shall print as many as we can to be able to send back numbers, but the supply will doubtless be exhausted in a month. Send your orders immediately.

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Circulation this Week, 83,000

Last week $9,000 were sent from America to the Land League.

The Khedive of Egypt is about to abolish slavery in his dominions.

The lighting of coal mines by electricity in Great Britain has been tried with excellent results.

Vennor, the weather prophet, has a handsome moustache. Now that is something worth knowing.

Bob Toombs says he has never spoken to Jeff Davis since the close of the war. Jeff has therefore been spared a good deal.

Guiteau talks by the hour to any one who will listen to what he thinks is music of the spheres—his own account of himself.

Thursday 19 Mormon missionaries with 750 converts landed in New York. The latter were from Norway, Sweden and the British Isles.

King Alfonso invites the persecuted Jews to Spain. Remembering the terrible treatment of these people in that country in times past, it would be wonderful if they could now be welcomed there by the people.

According to Bob Toombs the Rebel Government had about the same experience with the West Pointers that ours did. He says they were "a lot of old maids," who "cared a cussed sight more about their rank, than they did about the cause in which they were engaged."

Mr. Conkling withheld his very mild expression of sympathy with the President until he laid himself liable to the charge of having it forced from him by the pressure of public opinion. It can do him no good, because he has shown the entire lack of that spontaneous sympathy with affliction even to an opponent, that if his was a really manly nature he could not have restrained.

Gen. Sherman says the Washington small boy deserves the commendation of the country. Only think of his going around all of the Fourth which he thinks belongs especially to him, without firing off the fire crackers which were plentifully at hand. Talk about sympathy with the President! What class of people has shown more than that?

It is not to be expected that even while expressing and, doubtless, feeling the utmost regret and sympathy for the shooting of Gen. Garfield, there should not be still an undercurrent of satisfaction among foreign people that the attempted assassination of rulers is not confined to monarchial countries. This crops out strongly in the French papers.

TWO GOOD BOOKS.

We have but a few copies left of that remarkable cheap book "The Struggles of Nasby," which we have been mailing postpaid for $1.25. It is a very fine illustrated subscription book of over 600 pages, and has never before been sold for less than $3. We have mailed thousands of them during the past three months, and we have but a few copies left.

Another book of equal value, but of another character, is "Bible Biography." We are also mailing this for $1.25. For description see advertisement on the fifth page of this paper.

On receipt of $2.50 we will for a time mail, either of above books, the portrait of LOCKE, and the Weekly BLADE one year.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

All week long the Nation has hung eagerly upon the bulletins from the President's physicians, which we give with tolerable fullness elsewhere as the best history of the progress of the case. Under their continually brightening influence the public anxiety has given way to firm hope in the President's recovery, and complete restoration to usefulness. Indeed the opinion grows among medical men that the bullet fired by Guiteau did not penetrate the abdomina cavity at all. Prof. Weisse, Demonstrator of Anatomy in the University of New York, has made a series of careful experiments which seem to show that the penetration of a ball from such a pistol as that used by Guiteau's is of very low grade, and that the probability is that the tough coating of muscles about the abdomen arrested its direct course, and deflected it downwards, and that it may now be found somewhere about the base of the trunk. If this hypothesis be true the President's recovery will be very rapid, as the wound is not at all serious. If it is not true the recovery will be slower, and though but a little while will elapse before the President can discharge part of his duties, complete recovery will require years.

Meanwhile Guiteau remains in jail awaiting the result of the President's injuries. He is extremely anxious to pose and make a spectacle of himself, but the authorities are wisely denying him any opportunity of indulging in showy bravado. It is believed that he does not know as yet whether the President is dead or alive, or likely to die. His "papers," which he relied upon having published, and making a sensation, have been suppressed, and this is doubtless a grievous disappointment to him. The Secret Service reports that it is certain he had no accomplices, but was alone in his deed.

One of the points of interest in Europe just now seems to be Bulgaria, where the Prince has had any amount of trouble with some of the political leaders and finally took hold of matters with a strong hand, dismissed the Chamber of Deputies, and made his arrangements to govern independently until a new assembly could be called together. This was to open July 13, and every possible precaution was taken to prevent any disturbance. Prince Alexander claims that he has done everything for the advancement of Bulgaria, that while he has been abused, his motives maligned, and every effort made to undermine his influence, he has really been working to secure future freedom and the constitutional rights of the people.

Last Saturday a grand review of British volunteers by the Queen took place at the Great Park at Windsor. This is important only as it shows the power of Great Britain to rapidly concentrate troops. The number of volunteers who took part was 52,000, while in the whole Kingdom there are about 200,000.

There are still severe disturbances in the North of Africa, although the French troops have not yet effected a landing in Sfax. It is hardly probable, however, that France and Italy will get into a fight over matters, although they seem very ready to do so.

The locust, about whose coming there is so much excitement and so much fear, lest the year's crop of grain shall be largely destroyed, is not that sort of an insect. The coming creature is the seventeen-year locust and his friend the thirteen year locust. In other words, there are two broods which will appear this year simultaneously, the first time such a thing has occurred since 1660, and which will not occur again until 2102. Both are entirely distinct from the species known as the Rocky Mountain locust, that destroys without conscience the growing crops, sweeping off remorselessly every growing thing that comes in its way. They devote their attention entirely to trees and shrubbery, boring holes in the branches to deposit their eggs. Should they, as is expected, make their appearance this Summer, while the grass and flowers may be full of them, they will disturb nothing but the trees, but orchards and timber lands will tell the story of their presence.

Tilden says that the present terrible affair imperiling the life of the President will show the country two things: First, the great peril that attends the enormous and increasing power of the Chief Magistracy, in other words, the putting up periodically at the end of every four years of the vast power of the Government of 50,000,000 of people, the enormous expenditure that it involves, the redistribution of 100,000 offices at a raffle, in which the whole people actively participate, must be fruitful of evils yet unknown. Civil commotion, fraud and violence are the natural results. The other is the unbounded licentiousness that characterizes our party competitions and political dissensions, the assassination of private character, and the unscrupulous methods resorted to to influence the public judgment.

The public have been so cheered by the bulletins day by day that Pres. Garfield was doing well, and every body has been so determined that he should get well, that the realities of his condition are lost sight of. "Gath" says:

"After the lapse of a week he is still scarcely able to move his limbs; is forbidden to speak, except so far as is imperatively necessary; is a constant sufferer from the pains of the wound; can only partake of food in the most limited quantity, carefully selected and prepared; can not bear the slightest excitement, not even the President's friends in the sick chamber, or the messages of sympathy or affection which come in from all parts of the world, and sleeps only in short, feverish naps, and then in part under the influence of sedative drugs."

The usual gushing Female Idiot begins to buzz about Guiteau, as sooner or later she must. Her first approach was an attempt carry him in some toothsome dainties, to sustain his shrinking frame during these trying times. Pretty soon she will be sending him flowers, flirting with him through the bars, and wanting to kiss him for his mother. The Female Idiot at a convict's cell, especially if she is young, good looking, and raised to know better, is about the most exasperating form of brain-spavin known to man.

Arkansas people have great confidence in the power of lynch law. Nine men have been lynched in that State within a month.

ABOLISH THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

The infinitely glad probability now that the President will survive, enables us to enter upon the calm discussion of a question which this event has made very pertinent. Unquestionably at the time that it was supposed that Garfield would surely die the grief of the people was much intensified by apprehensions as to the administration of the Government under his successor, who, it was confessed by all, has neither the moral or intellectual stature to make a creditable President.

Mr. Arthur had always been considered a low-grade man—a fetcher and carrier for men of superior ability, like Conkling, and none too scrupulous as to the character of the service rendered to his chiefs. This has been strikingly illustrated within the last few weeks, when even the dignity of the second office in the Nation could not restrain him from going to Albany and participating in the most unsavory species of lobbying to secure the return of the resigning Senators, and found a successful revolt against the Administration of which he was himself an important member. The people consented to his election, and looked upon proceedings like these with tolerance, because they felt that Garfield's vigorous health made his succession to the Presidential chair too remote for consideration.

The fearful awakening which came with the assassin's shot last Saturday morning has set every one to considering the defects of the present system of supplying a successor to the President, and that consideration has naturally been followed with a suggestion of remedies. Even without the wretched experience the country had with Tyler, Fillmore and Johnson common observation shows our present system to work badly. The man put on the second place of the Presidential ticket is never the second choice of the victorious party for President—he is never chosen with even a passing reference to succeed the President in case the latter vacates his office. Other, and much lower considerations determine his selection. He is placed on the ticket as Arthur was to placate some powerful faction, to help carry some doubtful State, or to give a nonsectional character to the ticket, as Johnson was.

The following list of the men who have been Vice Presidents shows this:

Presidents.	*Vice Presidents.*
George Washington,	John Adams,
" "	Thomas Jefferson,
John Adams,	Aaron Burr,
Thomas Jefferson,	George Clinton,
" "	" "
James Madison,	Elbridge Gerry,
" "	*John Gaillard,
James Monroe,	Daniel D. Tompkins,
" "	" "
John Quincy Adams,	John C. Calhoun,
Andrew Jackson,	" "
" "	Martin VanBuren,
Martin VanBuren,	Richard M. Johnson,
Wm. Henry Harrison,	John Tyler,
John Tyler,	*Samuel L. Southard,
" "	*Willie P. Mangum,
James K. Polk,	George M. Dallas,
Zachary Taylor,	Millard Fillmore,
Millard Fillmore,	*William R. King,
Franklin Pierce,	William R. King,
" "	*David R. Atchison.
" "	*Jesse D. Bright.
James Buchanan,	John C. Breckenridge,
Abraham Lincoln,	Hannibal Hamlin,
" "	Andrew Johnson,
Andrew Johnson,	*Lafayette S. Foster,
" "	*Benjamin F. Wade,
Ulysses S. Grant,	Schuyler Colfax,
" "	Henry Wilson,
" "	*Thomas W. Ferry.
Rutherford B. Hayes,	William A. Wheeler,

*Acting Vice President and President *pro tem* of the Senate.

Of this long list the only men whom the people of to day will say were fit to succeed their chiefs in the event of the latter's death were John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, who were elected under the old system, which provided that the man getting the second highest number of votes for President should be made Vice President. They would have made and did make creditable Presidents, because they were the first choice of great parties for that high office, and were selected with a view to filling it, which the Vice Presidents since 1804 have not.

Taking them by and large they are much below the average of our National men. Some of them, like Richard M. Johnson, Southard, Mangum, Dallas, Colfax and Wilson, were men of relatively slender intellectual powers. Those that did achieve any distinction became notorious rather than famous. Aaron Burr is principally remembered by this generation for his gallantries among women, and his trial for treason; John C. Calhoun is remembered only for being the first great apostle of Secession. Richard M. Johnson is mainly remembered because of his unflinching fidelity to his negro mistress, whom he installed as head of his Washington household, and would doubtless have tried to make her the First Lady in the Land," if Van Buren had died. David R. Atchison was the head and front of the Missouri Border Ruffians. Jesse D. Bright was expelled from the Senate for sending to Jeff. Davis an inventor of a gun which would kill Yankees by wholesale. John C. Breckenridge laid down the gavel to pick up the sword of a General in the Rebel Army. Schuyler Colfax retired to the shades of Indiana obscurity under a dark cloud of Credit Mobelierism.

Fifteen years of trial of making the second highest Presidential candidate the Vice President showed that method to have grave defects. Seventy-five years of trial of the present method has demonstrated its radical weakness. It is wrong in principal and practice, and can only bring forth in the future as in the past bad fruits. There is only one remedy and that is the heroic one of abolishing the Vice Presidency. A more useless office at all times can hardly be conceived. He can have no duties, or employment in harmony with his theoretic rank and functions, because these are discharged by the Cabinet. If he were really the lieutenant of the President, he should take a part in the Government second only to that of his chief, whereas he does not really do as much as the lowest priced Clerk in the Executive Department.

He has less to do or say than the most obscure Representative. In order to give him such employment as will keep him out of mischief, he is injected into the Senate as its presiding officer. How this solecism upon the theory of our Government came to be thought of, or if thought of, to take shape and form, is beyond the comprehension. If the Vice President is a member of the Executive Department, as the name of his office implies, the last place in the world where he should be allowed to sit and exercise authority is in the upper house of the Legislative Department, which should jealously exclude the merest suggestion of executive influence or patronage within its walls. If he is not a member of the Executive Department he has still no business in the Senate, which is made up of representatives of the States as States, in distinction from the House, which is made up of representatives of the people.

The sum of the matter is that he is an excrescence and an anomaly, wherever he may be. He has no functions or business, and is usually an obstacle that loudly calls for abolishment. There has never been a time when the Vice-President was of use, but very many times when he has been of great damage. If he were abolished his place in the succession would be supplied by some man better fitted for the high office than he has ever been. Our history will show that our Secretaries of State or of the Treasury, or the Speakers of the House of Representatives would have made much better Presidents than the Vice Presidents would, and we can lose nothing by vacating the office entirely.

OUR NAVY.

The excitement caused by the dastardly shooting of Pres. Garfield has put completely out of sight other matters of interest to the country, and until it is known whether he will be spared to his people or not, only a faint reflection of the usual enterprise and energy of the Nation will be visible. It stands breathless awaiting the determination of the Dark Angel who hovers so perilously near the Chief Magistrate of the land.

A step was taken last week, however, that will, doubtless, attract attention and approval as soon as there is room for the expression of either. This was the order of the Secretary of the Navy for the appointment of an advisory board to consider the subject of the naval necessities of the Nation. That these are many those who think of the matter must allow. At present the United States is in a sorry condition to enforce its rights were they infringed by any power which has a navy, for it is impossible to build ships in the twinkling of an eye, no matter what the resources at our command. At present we have, it might be said, almost no vessels in hand when compared with the other leading nations of the world, and even many of the smaller powers are greatly in advance of us so far as their naval force is concerned.

No doubt something will be done to remedy this condition of things, for while it is true that the tendency of the age is to diplomacy rather than war, that nation which expects to keep a leading position in the world must hold the means to enforce its just demands. It must be able to be offensive as well as defensive. So far as the latter is concerned, there is no nation that can compare with us; for notwithstanding our small standing army and great stretch of country, an army of soldiers well officered and equipped, brave and determined, can be gathered together in a few weeks' time, ready to repel the largest force that could be brought to our shores.

England sometimes gets up a scare over her lack of coast defenses, and recently the proposed tunnel from Calais to Dover has again brought forward the question of foreign invasion. Magazine articles have been written to show how easily an army of 50,000 men could be marched even to London before much could be done to hinder them, and the *Times* is distressed at the possibility. To the people this side of the water such fear seems very absurd, at these times when a movement in that direction would be heralded in its very inception over the length and breadth of Europe, and when, too, Great Britain has the strongest navy in the world with which to repel an invasion.

MORE VANITY.

Mr. Conkling's cunning is a very reliable attribute, inasmuch as it never forsakes him, though, as in the case of his resignation, it sometimes over reaches itself. Now it asserts itself in newspaper paragraphs of apprehensions concerning *his* safety, and of the guards that the New York police have thought necessary to station to protect *him* and Arthur from murderous assault. These are so many deliberate insults which his vanity leads him to offer the good sense and spirit of honor of our people. They have resolutely refused to entertain the slightest suspicion of any connection between Conkling and his clique with the affair at Washington.

The man who has hinted at such a connection has been rebuked by Mr. Conkling's bitterest opponents, for entertaining thoughts unworthy of our commoe manhood. But Mr. Conkling will not have it so. He is so vain that he must strut his little part in every grand public spectacle, and so when the whole Nation is hanging with intense anxiety upon every bulletin from Washington,—when the President's chances of life is the one thing uppermost in the mind of every citizen in the Republic, Conkling forcibly injects himself upon the public attention, as if to say:

"See here, don't go to such extremes over this man Garfield. Such intemperate anxiety is likely to have bad results. You are in danger of forgetting that *I* might get shot, too, and then what *would* become of the country?"

This is all there is of it. It is a grave insult to the entire Nation to assume that Mr. Conkling is in any more danger of assassination than the most obscure man that walks the streets.

ANDERSONVILLE.

The book "Andersonville" should be in the library of every loyal citizen of the United States. It is the only authentic record of the most horrible crime ever perpetrated against humanity ever printed, and is written in so graphic a style as to possess all the fascination of a work of fiction.

It has had the largest sale of any book published for years, but there is yet good territory that has not been worked. The book is a handsome volume of over 650 pages, profusely illustrated, and sells faster than any book on the market. It is sold only by subscription, and agents make better salaries than with any book ever sold in this way. Full particulars sent to any address free. Address Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., or Boston, Mass.

Michigan will consider the question of taxing church property when her tax laws are readjusted. That such a law would not be unconstitutional is proved by a case in New Hampshire. Such property there when it exceeds in value $10,000 is taxed. A while ago a Congregational church in Manchester resisted payment on the ground that the law was unconstitutional, but the highest Court decides that it is constitutional.

CONKLING'S POSITION.

If anything could add to the unpleasing attitude of Mr. Conkling before the American people it is the position in which he is placed by the action of the compromise conference. The time had seemed ripe for such a compromise conference as was held last week. The session of the Legislature of New York had been unreasonably protracted by the duty of balloting and electing Senators to succeed those who had resigned. The members had been kept for weeks beyond the usual time, at a considerable expense to themselves and manifest business detriment to those who had any business capable of suffering detriment by reason of their absence and inattention. The long protracted fight was becoming as wearisome to the country as to themselves: the charges of bribery on one side, met by proofs of flagrant adultery on the other, the hardying of low epithets, the unseemly exhibition of Legislators, lobbyists, ex-Senators, Senatorial candidates, managing politicians and their strikers, spotters, spies and detectives, all wriggling and struggling through the mass of Albany corruption, all combined to indicate an urgent demand for a speedy ending to an affair which became more disgusting every day it was protracted.

All the other leading parties to the struggle had the perception to recognize this. Mr. Platt promply withdrew his insignificant personality from the canvass over a week ago, and Mr. Depew, the foremost candidate of the anti-Conklingites, and who represented at all times more votes than Conkling, gracefully retired in the interests of harmony. Thereupon a clear majority of the Republican voters in the New York Legislature met in conference, and agreed, with commendable unanimity, upon two candidates who represent the opposing factions of the party.

Mr. Lapham, who was selected for the place vacated by Mr. Conkling, has served three terms in Congress from the Twenty-seventh District, and was last Fall elected for the fourth time. He is a decided "Stalwart" and friendly to Mr. Conkling. Mr. Miller, who is the candidate for the seat abandoned by Mr. Platt, after a creditable experience in the Legislature, was elected to Congress in 1878 from the Twenty-second District, and was re-elected last November. Though rated as an Administration man, he has never been conspicuous as an opponent to Mr. Conkling.

Both these men are entirely unexceptionable in every way, are quite up to the level of the average ability of United States Senators from New York, and public sentiment, as well as public needs requires that the contest shall be speedily brought to a close by their election.

The only obstacle to this is that offered by Mr. Conkling's supreme vanity. He still retains control of 32 votes, less than one-third of the 106 which the Republicans have on a joint ballot, and so long as he holds them the Republicans can not elect, because they need 25 more to make up the 81, which will give them a majority. It is not in the nature of things that he can gain enough votes to give him the faintest hope of ultimate success. All that he can expect to do is to demonstrate his power—to show that though politically dead he can make his corpse be respected, because it blocks the way to success.

Undoubtedly he obtains sweet revenge by this; undoubtedly it is all the satisfaction that he can glean from the humiliating circumstances of his downfall, but what patience can the people have with him or the creatures who adhere to him, in this ignoble attempt to defeat the party's will?

WHAT IT WILL DO.

The attempt to put Pres. Garfield out of the way will do one or two things: Should he live it will intensify the love and confidence of the Nation in him, and give him a power of good in working reforms that no Chief Magistrate has ever possessed before since the beginning of the Republic. All parties have shown at this time an almost complete ignoring of party feeling and party differences, and even those who most bitterly opposed his election have expressed their confidence in his purity of intention. With the grand abilities of a real statesman, with inflexible determination in a course he believes to be right, with a calmness of judgement rarely disturbed with a perfect familiarity with the necessities of the country, and with the heartfelt love of his people, he can do more to clear the political atmosphere than has ever been accomplished.

Should he die—though hope whispers strongly now that he will not—the conviction that he is the victim of the "spoils system" will give that system its death blow. It is the source of the corruption everywhere evident in politics. It undermines the integrity of every party. It appeals to the cupidity of so many men as to make it a machine to do a vast amount of evil. It renders an honest expression of the voice of the people almost impossible. The whole thing is a blot upon the country which calls loudly for some change to wipe it away.

Of the 90,000 places now filled by appointment, there are comparatively few which could not better be filled by reference only to the same capability and skill that other business demands. They do not directly or indirectly affect the political condition of the country, and their duties have no more connection with it than those of the merchant or manufacturer. So far as anything pertaining to the welfare of the country is concerned, the work could be equally well done by Republican, Democrat, or National. It does not matter whether the holders believe in tariff or no tariff, if they be honest, industrious, and faithful.

But political competition for these offices has become the bane of the Republic, in fact the greatest evil with which the perpetuity of the Government has to contend, and therefore it is that living or dying, the shooting of Garfield will have a tendency to bring about a reform in this direction, a reform which has agitated the minds of the leading men of the Nation for years, and which is now shown to be such a lamentable necessity.

OUR REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

The edition of this work we elsewhere offer to our readers at $1.00 post-paid by mail, is published by the well known house of Lee & Shepard, Boston. This announcement is a sufficient guarantee of its accuracy. We selected their edition because it is the very best for the money, and we guarantee it to be an exact reproduction of the authorized Oxford edition. We are mailing large quantities of them daily. Every family should have a copy.

GUITTEAU'S VANITY.

Guiteau's overpowering vanity is likely to do him harm unless he can curb it. People have been disposed to accept him for a lunatic who, hardly knowing what he did, should not be held criminally responsible therefor. But his recent conduct furnishes ground for belief that he is mainly a sensation-loving scoundrel, who is willing to do anything to bring himself before the public. Vanity is the mainspring of more good actions than any other human quality, and doubtless of more bad ones. Guiteau's whole career is dominated by a consuming vanity, which, by spurring him on continually to do something sensational, prevented his doing that which was sensible and successful. A man of more than ordinary intelligence and activity, he yet never attained a respectable position in any of the numerous callings in which he from time to time engaged, simply because he was never content to tread the slow, laborious path which leads to substantial success, but attempted to gain his ends by the short cuts of trickery and showy speciousness

All these failing at last—found out everywhere for a swindler and a scoundrel—known in almost every City from Boston to Omaha, as a blackmailer, a shyster, a dishonest collector, a swindler of every one whom he could induce to trust him, with every avenue to employment or to subsistence closed to him by his wretched reputation, his vanity gives him one more impulse: he will do something that will astonish the whole world, and grieve those who have treated him with contumely and despisal. Thereupon he provides himself with a cheap pistol, rehearses a few sentiments suitable to his purpose, and makes a deadly assault upon the President of the United States, whom he had no more reason for assaulting than he had for attacking a babe in the cradle.

After the deed we find him very anxious about the way his photograph is taken; he is solicitous that a first-class artist only shall do the work, that his poses shall be graceful, and that special attention shall be paid to getting his eyes properly. There is not a movement or expression but which shows him to overflowing with the knowledge that the eyes of the whole world are upon him.

There is no doubt that vanity was the main motive of John Wilkes Booth in killing Lincoln. Booth cared so little for the Southern Confederacy that he never served a day in the armies, nor, we believe, was he south of Washington at all during the war. If he had had any such an affection for the South as would lead him to martyr himself for it, he could not have restrained himself as he did during all the years of the struggle, when he never lifted a hand in behalf of the Rebellion. But while the real Rebels were grappling with the Union soldiers on a thousand battlefields, while the Southern youths were scheming, plotting, suffering all manner of hardships, and dying for the South, Booth sauntered along through the months and years of intense action in others, playing minor parts in the theaters, and major ones in the saloons and parlors of Washington and Baltimore. It was only when he had exhausted these pleasures and excitements that he thought of playing another role, and he shot Pres Lincoln precisely as the shepherd boy burned the temple of Ephesus: that he might become an object of interest and attention to the world.

If Booth had been captured alive he would have posed and attitudinized even more than Guiteau is doing, because his theatrical education had given him a higher perception of effect.

FRENCH COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

The French Senate and the Chamber of Deputies do not seem to feel in unison upon a number of subjects. The compulsory education bill, which passed the latter some time ago, has had an amendment tacked to it by the former which changes its character considerably. This provides that the teachers in the elementary schools shall give instruction to the pupils in their duties to God and to their country.

This may be made to mean much or little according to the spirit in which it is taken. A Catholic feels that his duty to God requires the most implicit faith in his church, the Pope and priests, and the most unlimited obedience to their commands. A Catholic teacher would, under this amendment, find herself justified in teaching the tenets of her church at any and all times whether the rudiments of a secular education were obtained or not. So with any other denomination. To pass the bill with the amendment would be undoing much that has been accomplished in France towards taking educational matters out of the hands of the priesthood.

It is not at all likely that the Chamber of Deputies will accede to this change. Its members seem to be possessed of far more radical Republican ideas than the Senate, and inclined to guard more carefully the liberties of the people. Perhaps it is as well, however, that the Conservatism of the latter body is opposed to the Chamber since the French people have so recently ceased to be monarchists, and are not prepared to entertain extreme Republican views. Be that as it may the compulsory education bill would largely, if not entirely, fail of its purpose should it pass with an amendment which opens the doors for any amount of denominational teaching, that amount to depend upon the judgment and religious enthusiasm of the teacher.

AGENTS WANTED.

Now is an excellent time for agents to make up clubs for the Weekly Blade. The Nasby letters from Europe have commenced, and we offer the Blade three months, and a very fine portrait of D. R. Locke (Nasby) for 50 cents. For clubs of five we give a very liberal discount, and any person can canvass for a few days and make a nice thing for themselves and neighbors. We want an agent at every Post office in the United States to work up a short time club before it will be too late to get the first of the Nasby letters. Write for special terms and specimen copies of the Blade.

Guiteau is now spending his time in reading the Bible, to take his mind from what has happened, he says. He is not allowed to know anything that is going on, and is ignorant of whether the President lives or not.

OUR HUMOROUS POSTER.

We are mailing thousands of our new posters, illustrating Nasby's travels in Europe, to applicants from all quarters. It is a comical illustration of the old Parson, and we mail them free to any person who will post them in a conspicuous place.

THE MORMONS.

The Blade noticed briefly last week the arrival in New York of Mormon missionaries with 700 or 800 converts on their way to Utah and the adjacent Territories. Most of these people were of the very lowest class so far as education is concerned, in the countries from which they came. Ignorant of everything outside of their own wretched lot, the stories of these men of the fertile valleys of Utah, where the golden grain springs forth at the beckoning of the hand, so slight is the effort of cultivation, where comfort and plenty came together to reward the tiller of that soil which is got for the asking, where independence under a free Government is so easily obtained, while, at the same time, eternal happiness is the sure reward of embracing the Mormon religion—all of these teachings could not fail to have a fascination which would lead them to gladly give up their poverty and misery and come to this El Dorado, more especially as their passage is paid for and their future arranged without trouble to themselves.

Of course they are really ignorant of the character of the religion they embrace, polygamy being kept in the background, especially so far as the women are concerned. And so the picture is *couleur de rose* to them, without a drawback except the natural shrinking from an untried future. If they find that they have been deceived, their ignorance and fear of Mormon leaders will prevent their sending any warning back to their friends and neighbors. No doubt, too, many find their condition in some respects bettered, for the Mormons are spreading over the most fertile lands in Arizona, Idaho and Montana, and life at its worst there would be an improvement upon the condition of many in the Old World.

But the question is not whether *they* are better or worse off than at home. It is, in the absence of any decided legislation that will crush out polygamy here, what can be done to stop this wholesale immigration hither of these victims of a superstition? What can be done to prevent the importation of these hundreds of people to swell the ranks of the believers in a criminal fanaticism? These missionaries are kept abroad in constant labor at proselyting. They have a fund in the Bank of England to operate with. Nothing is thrown in their way as a hindrance by the Government of the countries where they proselyte, and consequently they make every few months such additions to their numbers as mentioned above. These converts come here to spread over the fertile lands of the West in the belief and practice of a faith whose corner stone is a direct violation of a law of the United States. They are practically free from the penalty of such violation, since, as is well known, a trial before a jury of their peers rarely amounts to a conviction.

It seems that some steps might and should be taken to enlighten these people before they leave their homes as to the fact that the new religion involves the breaking of a law which sometime may cause them trouble; that while the New World offers homes to all who wish to come, they are not free in the sense of freedom from hard labor, as the missionaries represent. Then there might be some probability of a check to the coming hither by the ship load of these people who only help to make the solution of this problem in the future harder for the Government of the United States.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

In the course of time every one of the 85,000 families who are now subscribers to the Blade, will become possessed of a copy of the Revised New Testament. While most sensible people may never discard their old standard Bible to give place to the new, yet it is very desirable that every family have a copy of the revision to use as a commentary.

So many editions of this work have been announced for sale at various prices, that the purchaser is at a loss to know which edition is the best for the money. The many cheap editions in paper covers are unsatisfactory, as being printed in fine type, and trying to the eyes of both old and young. On the other hand the fine, high-priced editions do not meet with favor, as the masses are not yet disposed to invest a fancy price in a work they know nothing about. For the purpose of accommodating the readers of the Blade we have made arrangements to furnish what is in our judgment the very best edition yet published, at the popular price of $1.00, post-paid by mail, as announced in our advertising columns on 5th page. This edition is a book of 800 pages, printed on good paper, with very plain long-primer type. It is an accurate re-print of the celebrated Oxford (England) edition, with all the marginal notes and the preface in full. The Addenda gives a list of readings and renderings preferred by the American Committee, recorded at their desire.

We are now prepared to fill orders by mail at $1.00 for thousands of this popular edition, and assure our readers it is just the thing for all. We also have the same bound in morocco at $1.50.

The British are thoroly reorganizing their army. The men are to be enlisted at the age of 19, and serve five years with the Colors, and seven with the Reserve. The Army will consist of 114 battalions of infantry—from 480 to 950 strong—28 regiments of cavalry, 38 batteries of horse artillery, and 80 batteries of field artillery. The pay of non-commissioned officers is increased, and after 12 years service some of them are made warrant officers. Infantry regiments will have two Lieutenant Colonels, eight Majors, 14 captains and 30 Lieutenants. Cavalry regiments will have two Lieutenant-Colonels, three Majors, five Captains and 12 Lieutenants. The Second Lieutenants are abolished. No captain, except in the Royal Engineers, will be allowed to remain in service after 40 years of age. A Major must retire at 48, a Lieutenant Colonel at 55, a Major-General at 62, a Lieutenant-General, or General at 67.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES.

This is the latest, best and cheapest book of recipes now before the public. The book is the work of one of the most eminent economists of England, and it has been edited by practical Americans with especial reference to American wants. It contains everything that needs to be known in all the departments of domestic life. The book is well printed, and substantially bound, and sold only by subscription, at the very low price of $2. Thousands were sold in advance of publication. Those out of employment will do well to secure an agency for this rapid selling book. Everybody needs it, and everybody must have it. Our agents are each and all of them taking hundreds of orders for delivery after harvest. Now is the time to work up a list. Address for particulars, the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., or Boston, Mass.

CURRENT EVENTS.

There are 82,000 laborers at work on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, 19,000 of whom are in Old Mexico.——The Garfield fund amounted to $124,000 at noon Tuesday.——Griscom finished his 45th day of fasting at noon Tuesday. He proposes to lecture as soon as he recruits.——Two ministers refused to preach at the Grand Army Encampment near Erie, on the ground that the men violated the Sabbath by marching into camp on that day.——Ex-Sen Platt is at Coney Island, "a used up man."——E. H. Wilder, of Manchester, N. H., inventor of the knitting machine and other contrivances, has invented a gun somewhat similar to the Gatling gun. It was tested recently and worked successfully, its five barrels firing 1,000 shots per minute. The trial was made on Massabesic Lake, and through a field-glass the balls were seen to strike two miles away in a radius of 10 feet.——Garibaldi has accepted a yearly pension of $6,000 offered him by Kink Humbert from his civil list.——Gov. L. A. Sheldon, of New Mexico, was sitting in his office at Santa Fe when he received a dispatch saying that his old friend and commander, the President was shot. In a few moments the Governor and Mrs. Sheldon were on a railway train and have traveled the 2,000 miles to Washington without stopping.——Vennor says that the hottest days of July are yet to come. They are four in number, being the 16th, 17th, 24th and 25th.——The President when warned by a friend some time ago as to the danger of an attempt upon his life, answered: "I must come and go as usual, and I cannot surround myself with a body guard." And again, he said: "If the good of this country, the interests of pure government and of the people against one-man power demand the sacrifice of my life, I think I am ready."——The announcement of the death in New York of D. M. Carter, the artist, will be learned with regret. He was born in Ireland in 1827, and came to this country when a boy. His portraits of Clay, Polk, Jackson, and Grant gave him reputation, and some of his other pictures have attracted notice.——The wheat crop in Indiana fares badly this year. The estimate is 30,000,000 bushels against 47,130,584 last year.——A somewhat unpleasant impression has been caused in Switzerland by the announcement that the French Government propose to erect fortifications at Annemasse, in the neutralized territory of Savoy.——The prospect in the Transvaal, if the country is given up to the Boers, is serious. The native chiefs in all parts of the country say they will fight rather than acknowledge the supremacy of the Boers.——The engineers of the St. Gothard tunnel think its temperature will gradually abate so that in 13 or 14 years it will be as low as that of the Mont Cenis tunnel, namely, 20° centigrade.——The reef in the Hudson River at Vanwie's Point, just below Albany, is to be removed. It is calculated that 7,000 feet of rock and earth will have to be taken out. The contract is given to William Stanton, of Cohoes, at $37,000.——The City Sinking Fund Commissioners of Cincinnati on Saturday af

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Great Catastrophe—The President's Condition—The Scene in Washington—The Feeling in the Country.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, July 7, 1881.

The shock which the country has felt in consequence of the murderous assault on the President, has not, as yet, subsided, but the crisis is probably passed, and there is a general feeling of assurance that the ball will not prove to have a fatal effect. The wounds in itself are not considered dangerous, and of the assassin is out to have a fatal effect. The for all the indications are favorable, and every day strengthens the confidence of those about him that his life will still be spared the country which he has served so faithfully and so well. One element of confidence is his own remarkable courage and cheerfulness, which have not forsaken him for a moment. He is ready for any event, but does not regard his case as one, and proposes to resume it in spite of the doctors.

We have been in the habit of thinking that, in this country, a President was just as safe as any other individual; and it has been our boast and pride that he did not need policemen or soldiers to protect his person. Must we give up this long cherished views of our Republican institutions? In the course of the last 50 years, one President has been killed, another has been so badly wounded as to put his life in jeopardy, and the third escaped only by accident or the care of Providence. Pres. Jackson was assailed on two different occasions, and one of the assaults was much like this of Guiteau. On the 30th of January, 1835, he and his cabinet went up to the Capitol to participate in the funeral services of a member of Congress, and when the proceedings were concluded the President and Mr. Woodbury walked together across the rotunda to make their exit on the portico at the east front. Just after passing through the door a man stepped out of the crowd with a pistol in his hand and when within eight feet of the President took a quick aim and pulled the trigger. Fortunately the instrument missed fire. But as quick as thought he seized another which he had in reserve and snapped it with a like result. By this time Jackson got his eye on his assailant and dashed at him with his cane, while the crowd secured him and carried him away to prison.

An investigation showed the man to be of unsound mind. As in this case he regarded himself as having been wronged, and thought his only sure relief would be to kill the President. In the case of Guiteau there is more method, but in both the motive was purely personal. There is apparently nothing to sustain the idea of a conspiracy. The Attorney General said yesterday that, to such a thing was thought of; that Guiteau had evidently acted wholly on his own impulse." He was, however, sharp enough to make the political situation a cover for his crime and in vanity and folly, expected to pardoned and rewarded by the "Stalwart" Government to be installed through his act. His congratulatory letter to Gen. Arthur, written after being informed of the President's death, shows that he fully expected to profit by the murder and that all he had to fear was from the life of the man that he intended to kill.

Guiteau appears to be an extraordinary character. A man of education and address, an extreme egotist, a lawyer, a minister, a Second Adventist, a favored son of Heaven who has divine communications, and whose inspired moods have kept him in hot water with his family and friends till they had generally turned him off. A politician who sympathized with the President as against Conkling, and wanted to be rewarded with a foreign mission but would have consented to take a Consulship, and who, when he could not get his Consulship, deliberately planned the assassination of the President in the interest of "the Stalwarts." That such a man is not entirely sound in his mind, will readily be inferred; but people generally will think that he is sound enough to be well punished for his murderous intent.

It won't do to multiply this class of lunatics. The notoriety into which this poor creature has been lifted by his bloody act seems to have let loose the "legion" to which he belongs. Hence the newspapers are full of warnings against suspicious characters who are lurking about the White House, dogging the steps of Sec. Blaine, seeking interviews with Vice President Arthur and sending threatening letters to ex Sen. Conkling. There is no telling what egotism and love of notoriety will impel some of these wretches to do, especially as it is understood that crime in them is only to be punished by a term in the District's Lunatic Asylum.

The scene in this City on that eventful Saturday morning can hardly be realized in any other place. The train of the Baltimore & Potomac road for Philadelphia and New York now leaves at half past 9, and the shooting took place within a few minutes of that hour. I was in the Treasury Building, on a room fronting the Rigg's House, when a lady at the window turned to me with a very serious expression on his face and asked me to come to the window, for she was sure that something startling and of great importance had occurred. She said that men were rushing out of the Riggs House and running as if they were wild, that a carriage had gone by as if it was flying and that everybody seemed alarmed. The fact was that the disaster had been telephoned with a summons for help, and in another moment the sad truth was revealed. Then, as fast as messages later, word came that the President was dead; and men with sad faces began to discuss the political situation, the dangers which it threatened and the unfavorable circumstances with which the Vice President would be surrounded on coming to his great power. Then better news followed, the great strain was taken off, and every day since has brought assurances more and more cheering.

You may notice that the papers are filled with condoling and congratulatory messages, and that there was one from the President's mother, who is away in Ohio. When I saw that message I remembered the scene, as it was depicted to me by a friend, on the night of the election, when the news was carried to Mentor that Garfield was certainly elected. Of course there was a show of gladness, many congratulations and much shaking of hands. But the old lady was not there. She was up in her room alone. After awhile one of the family thought of her and hastened up stairs with the assurance that "James" was elected. "Is it certain?" said the old lady. "Yes, they say it is absolutely certain." "Well," says she, bringing down her hand very impressively, "I am sorry." James has got trouble enough now without taking that great office." But she did not then dream that, with all its other troubles, would come this I hoofy assault upon his life.

On Sunday there was, I think, public prayer for the President's life in every church in the city and no prayers ever met with a more hearty response from the great body of the people. The same was also probably true all over the United States. A letter to me from Ocean Grove, N. Y., dated on Sunday, July 3, says:

"There were very earnest prayers sent up at the auditorium this morning for the President's recovery. One minister prayed not only that he might recover, but that his enemies might be confounded. Then Dr. Stokes read to the large congregation a dispatch stating that his wound was not certainly fatal and that his symptoms were more favorable. Whereupon a wave of applause went over the audience, and the meeting was closed by singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Such, too, is the feeling in every part of this great and prosperous country.

BUCKEYE.

Another Soldier Gone.

THE DALLES, OREGON, June 8.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

Mr. James Luttrel McKamey died June 5d inst. He was born in 1827 in Anderson County, Tenn. When the great rebellion broke out he was living in Arkansas. He had a strong attachment for the Union, and soon as hostilities commenced he repaired to Ft. Leavenworth, and there enlisted in the Sixth Missouri Regiment of Volunteers, which was sent to the Gulf Department under Gen. Canby. In 1865-4, his company made several expeditions into Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas, after the noted outlaws Bill Anderson and Sam Hildebrand. In these expeditions he served under Major Montgomery, of whom he has never heard since.

Yours very respectfully, etc.,

H. G. MCKAMEY.

Sturgis.

To the Editor of the Blade:

That drunken Sturgis again! Let us have him removed. He will get drunk and neglect his business, like he did at Grantown. I was there, and know all about him. He was the cause of myself and 13 others being taken prisoners and sent to Andersonville. All of the 14 of Company G, of the Ninth Minnesota Vol. Inft., were starved to death except four. I will do all in my power to get him out. I supposed he was dismissed from the army. Is was so rumored. Respectfully yours,

N. GRANT.

Harrison, Delaware County, Ind.

About Pensions.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

Having been a reader of your valuable payer for some time, I take great pleasure in the communications from the Boys in Blue. To "Old Soldier" I wish to make a reply. He assumes upon three things. The first is that the Government is likely to be swamped by the pensioners. To that I will say that he had better sit down, peruse carefully the columns of the BLADE, and see if he cannot find the Secretary of the Treasury's report on the financial condition of the Treasury. His second is that hardly any person of age in the Northern States but what knows of some brave defender of his country being a fraud. To that I will say that he knows it to be an uneruth when he utters it. His third is, that he knows of several himself. Why has he not done his duty, and informed the officials at Washington of that fact? Could he receive the missives that will be tossed to the waste basket, he would not open from his battery soon again.

Very respectfully,
GRIERSON RAIDER.

St. Elme, Fayette, Co., Ill.

The Freemason Presidents.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

I see in a recent issue of your paper that you perpetuate a long established error concerning the number of Presidents who were Masons. Let me give you the exact truth.

The Freemason Presidents were: George Washington, Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, James Buchanan, Andrew Johnson and James A. Garfield.

The Presidents who were not Freemasons were: John Adams, James Madison, James Monroe, John Q. Adams, William H. Harrison, Zachary Taylor, Van Buren, Pierce, Lincoln, Grant and Hayes.

The above is reliable.

LaGrange, Ky. ROB. MORRIS.

THE LOSS OF A TOOTH

Leads to the Detection of a Ravisher and Murderer,

Who is Tracked by Bloodhounds, Captured and Lynched.

LOUISVILLE, July 9.—A special to the Courier-Journal from Atlanta says: On the 29th of June Mrs. Mitchell, wife of a respectable citizen of Randolph County, Ala., was found on the roadside, between her home and a neighbor's, dead, with her throat cut. She had been ravished, after a fearful struggle. Imprints of teeth were found in a number of places on her body, showing that the ravisher had lost one front tooth. A man named Waldron was known to have been in the vicinity, and he having one tooth out, directed suspicion to him. The trail was followed by bloodhounds, and Waldron was captured near Hopkinsville, in this State, and lodged in jail last Saturday night. He confessed to the murder, saying he thought she was the woman who had testified against him in a criminal case, but denied that he had outraged her. Mrs. Mitchell had been married only a few months, and had many friends. She was about 19 years of age.

Monday night 100 armed men took Waldron from jail and started for the scene of his crime, with the intention of burning him alive. A telegram from there to day states that Waldron was yesterday hanged to a tree at the foot of which his victim was found. Waldron was only 23 years old, and had five living wives.

A SISTER OF GEN. M'DOWELL

Falls Dead in the Street—Heart Disease.

NEW YORK, July 9.—Mrs. Eliza Bridgeman, of Chicago, fell dead in Broadway, at the corner of Cedar street, this morning as she was going toward Trinity Church, accompanied by her daughter, a young lady of 18 years, and her nephew, W. C. Boone. Mrs. Bridgeman was the wife of Col. Frank Bridgeman, Paymaster of the United States army and member of Gen. Sheridan's staff. She was a sister of Gen McDowell. She left Chicago for a trip to the seaside, and arrived early this morning. Her body was carried into the bank building and a message sent to Gen. Hancock on Governors Island, who forthwith despatched his own Surgeon to the scene, but too late. She had died of heart disease. The body was transferred to the house of Mrs. Bridgeman's cousin, Mrs. Ely, East 55th street. Mrs. Bridgeman was on her way to Martha's Vineyard, where she has a cottage.

CHICAGO POSTOFFICE.

A Commission to Investigate It and Suggest Reform.

CHICAGO, July 9.—It is learned that it has been determined in Washington, in order to weed out certain abuses that have crept into the Chicago Postoffice, to send hither a commission of several persons to consider the workings of the office and to suggest and apply remedies where evils are found. The result may be a thorough reorganization, with the lopping off of some officials whose places may be left permanently vacant. It is said the members of the commission are instructed to make the recommendations harmonize with the Civil Service rules, and to work in the direction of rendering the office free from political alliances.

THE CALIGRAPH.

The Glad Relief of a Pen-Wearied People.

What the sewing-machine was to the poor needlewoman toiling in her forlorn garret, so is the Caligraph to the slave of the pen, the weary, nerve-shattered man, whose labor with obdurate writing materials has taken away most of the pleasure of his life.

To such a man the Caligraph comes as the best of boons. It gives his wearied fingers the rest for which they have ached for years; it allows the cramped forefingers and thumb to straighten out, the blood to flow into them; the numbness and congestion disappear, the trembling nerves take on a healthy tone, and health and cheerfulness follow. With both hands and all the fingers utilized the circulation is equalized over the whole body, and the wholesome effect is wonderful.

With the Caligraph the writing of a letter is performed as easily as a girl thrums off on the piano a well known air. It does not require anything like as much time to learn as the sewing machine does. A half day's practice enables any one to write a letter perfectly; after that all he gains by practice is speed, which he can develop to any point he wants, so that if he chooses, he can get to write four times as fast as with pen or pencil.

The Caligraph is manufactured by the AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE COMPANY, No. 215 West 31st street, New York City, who will gladly answer all inquires as to styles of machines, prices, etc.

Beauregard and Early at it Again.

On June 14th last Gens. G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana, and Jubal A. Early, of Virginia, as Commissioners, as usual, conducted the Grand Semi-Annual Drawing at New Orleans of the Louisiana State Lottery Company. Among the many fortunate ticket holders may be mentioned Alex. B. McCrosky, Somerville, Tenn., who held one-half of ticket No. 47,945, which drew $100,000. No. 3,651 one tenth held by William F. McCaffrey, 62 Monroe street, Ned York City; one-tenth by Salomon Apfel, agent Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, Cincinnati, O.; and one-tenth by W. C. Pendleton, 12 Bradley street, New London, Conn., drew $50,000. No. 75,415, one-half held by John Halle, P. O. box 2,419, New York City, drew $20,000. Nos. 98,487 and 40,951, drew $10,000 each; one-tenth held by J. A. Berlin, Marksville, La.; one-tenth by James D. Cottingham, 258 Light street, Baltimore, Md.; one-tenth by George Albert, 230 Master street, Philadelphia, Pa.; one-tenth by L. Kelly, Brooklyn, N. Y.; one-fifth by Charles Brennicke, through Henry F. J. Ricker, Quincy, Ill.; one-fifth by Samuel S. Sharp, 105 Castle street, Boston, Mass.; one-fifth collected through City National Bank, Dallas, Texas. Over half a million dollars was distributed and those interested enough can receive the full particulars by addressing M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La. The next drawing takes place on Tuesday, August 9th, as usual, at New Orleans, La.

There came near being a riot at Mineral Springs, Ark., Wednesday. Two negros had been arrested for fighting, and just before their trial was to take place some 200 negros appeared on the streets, armed. The whites hastily armed themselves, but fortunately, no collision occurred.

THE LATEST BULLETIN

Reports Pres. Garfield as Slowly but Steadily Improving.

Opinions of Leading Physicians—He is Getting Along Splendidly.

Guiteau Repudiates the Charges of Insanity and Being a Dead-beat.

He Simply "Borrowed" Money and "Engaged" Board, Because He Was "Short."

A Practical Suggestion for Finding the Assassin's Bullet.

George Francis Train Offers His Professional Services to Guiteau.

WASHINGTON, July 12, }
1:00 P. M. }

The President is passing a comfortable day. Pulse, 100; temperature, 100.8; respiration, 24.

D. W. BLISS.
J. K. BARNES.
J. J. WOODWARD.
ROBERT RAYBURN.

UNOFFICIAL BULLETIN.

2:00 P. M.

Dr. Bliss at this hour (2 P. M.) reports that the President's condition has been steadily improving since morning. The transient increase in pulse and temperature last night was only a natural fluctuation of fever and not an indication of any unfavorable change. The President is better every way this afternoon than at the corresponding hour yesterday.

MRS. GARFIELD

still keeps up her courage. The ordeal has necessarily told upon her considerably. She takes daily rides, and is doing everything to keep up her physical strength.

GEN. MEADE'S WOUND.

It is stated that Gen. Meade, at the battle of Glendale, in 1862, received a wound similar to that of Garfield's, and it was not until his death that it was known the ball had pierced the liver.

BEECHER'S VIEWS.

NEW YORK, July 9.—Henry Ward Beecher, at his prayer meeting last night, referred to the attempted assassination of the President, and concluded as follows:

"The deed has unified all parties, sects and denominations. There were no partisan, no sectarisns, and no divisions of sertiment among the people. Every one wanted to help the President. We were in the midst of political jugglery. I regard it as one of the most unfortunate, and I may say, disgraceful things I have ever known in my life. The whole difficulty lies in this: who shall have the plunder?

FROM JEFF. DAVIS.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 9.—The Courier Journal prints the following:

BEAUVOIR, Harrison, Co., }
Miss., July 5, 1881. }

Mr. Findlay S. Collins:

DEAR SIR: I have received yours of the 4th inst., and thank you for the kind expressions it contained. The evil influences to which you refer as causing the bitterness felt toward Southern men it may fairly be expected will give way to the sober sense of the people, if they shall, like yourself, detect the sordid motive for which stimulants are administered. I will not, like the telegram you cite, in regard to the attempted assassination of the President, say, "I am thankful the assassin was not a Southern man," but will say I regret that he is an American. The crime, black enough in itself, has a deeper dye from the mercenary motive which seems to have prompted it. I sincerely trust the President may recover, and that the startling event will arouse the people to the consideration of a remedy for the demoralization which a wild hunt after office is creating.

With best wishes for your welfare, I am, very truly yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE CLEVELAND DEMOCRATS ON THE CRIME.

CLEVELAND, July 9.—The Democratic convention of this County, in session today, unanimously and heartily adopted the following, offered by Hon. R. P. Spaulding:

"*Resolved*, By the Democratic Convention of Cuyahoga County, this 9th day of July, 1881, assembled at Cleveland, that looking upon James A. Garfield as the constitutional President and Chief Executive officer of the United States Army, we regard the recent attempt to deprive him of life as a crime of the most hideous character; that the President be assured of our deepest symyathy with himself and his family in this affective dispensation, and that we rejoice to know that under a kind Providence the aim of the assassin is likely to be discomfitted; that we recommend to Congress the enactment of more stringent laws for the protection of the persons of our executive officers at the seat of government."

SUNDAY AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—Judge Advocate General Swain, an intimate friend of Pres. Garfield, and almost constantly in attendance upon him since he was wounded, said in conversation this evening, that the President's condition is very encouraging indeed. Referring to the President's diet, which consists principally of milk, Gen Swain said the patient invariably takes it without effort, and as a rule appears to relish it. An exception to this rule, however, occurred this afternoon in the following manner: The President asked for a drink, whereupon Major Swain handed him some milk, to which the physicians had added a small quantity of old rum. The President, after drinking it, looked at Maj. Swain with distrustful expression, and said: "Swain, that's a rum dose, isn't it?" The President continues to take chicken broth occasionally, with good results. He suffers no internal pain from the wound, but experiences considerable soreness of the muscles.

No one excepting Mrs. Garfield and the attendants have been admitted to the sick chamber to-day, it being the desire to keep the President perfectly quiet.

Early this afternoon Maj. Swain said the President desired to see one of the bulletins which he had heard some one speak of as having been issued. The latest bulletin was brought from the Secretary's office and handed him. After perusing it a minute he remarked, smiling, that he did not think it necessary to post his name before the country every few hours.

Major Swain thinks that with to-day the greater part of danger will pass and that unless something unfavorable occurs, of which there is at present no indication, the President will gradually improve, and that his ultimate recovery will be merely a question of time. His recovery, the Major continued, will necessarily be slow and tedious, but he is now on the sunny side of life again.

Mr. Crump, steward of the Executive Mansion, who sat with the President from 11 last night until this morning, says he rested very well. During his wakefulness he inquired after different gentlemen connected with the Mansion and spoke with reference to what was going on in his house. The strict instructions of the physicians against his talking any more than necessary will not permit of any extended conversation.

DR. BLISS.

Dr. Bliss' quarrel at Washington probably arises in some measure from his old difficulty with the local medical fraternity when they attempted to discipline him for his unprofessional conduct in the cunduranga affair. He is a very able practitioner, and a very independent man, and has asserted his contempt for professional restraints by consulting with homeopathists. His fault in the cunduranga enterprise was his sanguine temperament rather than any wrong doing, as is indicated by the fact that he sunk considerable of his own capital in the enterprise. He is rather dashing in manner and free of expenditure, and the old school at Washington are naturally annoyed by his primacy at the White House.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY

with Pres, Garfield and family were received to-day from the Readjusters of the Fifth Senatorial District of Virginia, the Irish-American Republican Club, Washington, D. C.; Cleveland, O., Board of Trade, Chicago Board of Education, National Veteran Club of Washington, D. C., Ohio Republican Association, District of Columbia; Democratic Convention of Cuyahoga County, O.; Republican Association of the United States, Chicago, and the Father Matthews Temperance Society, Dixon, Ill.

A GERMAN'S STORY.

The Attorney General received a letter from a German who lives in New York. He says that he was in Washington June 13, 14 and 15. He went around to see the objects of interest. On the 14th he took a seat in Lafayette park, opposite the White House. On a bench near him sat a man who answers, he says, to the description given of Guiteau. With Guiteau was another man, shorter, stouter, with dark mustache and light colored hair. He heard the man who he thinks was Guiteau say to his companion, "It cannot be done at Long Branch. It must be done here in Washington. Arthur will then be President. I will get my pardon." This communication he thought nothing of until he read an account of the attempted assassination.

GUITEAU'S COWARDICE.

"Guiteau's attempt at bluff and bullying when I first stopped him moving off from the depot," said Officer Kearney, "immediately gave out upon the arrest, and he wilted like a wet rag." He seems to be in a condition of wilt ever since. Capt. Vernon says he has never seen a man so wretchedly cowardly since the crime as Guiteau. When leaving for the jail he pulled his hat down over his face to conceal his features, and clung to the officer as a drowning man to a straw. In the hack he crouched down on the floor, and persistently urged the officers "for God's sake to hurry, and don't let them hurt me." When safely within the walls his nerves calmed somewhat and he quieted down. Now that he understands the favorable condition of His Excellency, he is overcome with terror, and is nervous and cowardly. He is already beginning part payment for his dastardly deed, as he remarked last night to one of the guards, in a quivering voice, jerky with excitement: "This is death in life; my earth is a hell."

WORK OF THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

To give the reader some idea of the amount of matter sent out of this City to the newspapers since the shooting of the President, it may be stated that during the 2d and 3d of July there were 444,000 words, or about 20 solid columns of press matter, transmitted from the Western Union Telegraph office here. In addition to this there were 9,611 private messages handled. On the 4th inst. there were 214,000 words of press matter and 3,904 messages handled. On the 5th there were nearly 200,000 words of press matter and 5,223 private messages handled. The greatest number of words handled on any previous occasion was during the inauguration, when 140,000 were sent in one day.

THE FORCE OF THE ASSASSIN'S BULLET.

One week has passed before the force of Guiteau's bullett was even approximately ascertained. Two well known and skillful marksmen of this City, acting under the direction of the District Attorney, made an interesting and important discovery yesterday, whereby it was ascertained that the cartridges used by Guiteau were much more dangerous and destructive than has hitherto been represented. Three of the cartridges taken from Guiteau's pistol were fired from a British bull-dog at several pine boards one inch thick, and placed one inch apart. The shots were fired at a distance of four feet. The first ball went through three boards and glanced on the fourth. The second went through three boards and imbedded itself in the fourth, and the third went through one board and lodged in the second board with the point through. There were 23 grains of rifle musket power in the cartridge and 200 grains of lead.

GOV. FOSTER'S SUGGESTION.

COLUMBUS, July 10.—Gov. Foster sent the following telegram to the Governors of States and Territories to-night:

Harris M. Plaisted, Governor of Maine:

Present indications strongly encourage the hope that the President will recover from the effects of the terrible attempt upon his life. It must occur to all that it would be most fitting for the Governors of the several States and Territories to issue proclamations setting apart a day to be generally agreed upon for thanksgiving and praise to the Almighty God for the blessed deliverance of our President and for this great evidence of His goodness to this Nation. If this suggestion meets your approbation, permit me to name the Governors of New York, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Maryland and Ohio as a Committee to fix upon a day to be so observed. Please reply.

CHARLES FOSTER.

COLUMBUS, O., July 12.—Gov. Foster has received telegrams from the Governors of Indiana, Massachusetts, Kansas, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Arkansas, Illinois, Virginia, Alabama, Missouri, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, New York, Nebraska, Vermont, Florida, New Jersey, West Virginia and Wyoming Territory, approving the suggestion in reference to fixing a day to be observed as a praise day for the recovery of Pres. Garfield. The Governor of Georgia was added to the Committee on Date.

GUITTEAU'S STATEMENTS.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—Guitteau is still closely guarded, and it is very difficult to get any sort of communication even indirectly with him. Yesterday Guitteau complained that the prison food had disagreed with him and given him indigestion, but said the jailor had refused to give him any better, and he was getting used to it now. He sticks to the declaration that he was inspired to kill the President to save the Republican party; that the President had divided the party and he saw that the party never would be united again under Pres. Garfield. Hence the inspiration that it was better to sacrifice the President than the party. Guitteau says the inspiration of assassination first came to him just after the resignation of Conkling and Platt. He went to the White House to shoot the President but could not shoot without endangering others and deferred.

Yesterday he referred to his visit to the White House when the President had him forcibly ejected but was quick to deny that that had anything to do with this attempt at assassination. His statements, however, in regard to his ejection from the White House were somewhat conflicting, enough so to warrant suspicion that his murderous assault was more a matter of personal revenge for what he regarded as a great indignity than anything else. Once he said his determination to kill the President was formed long before he was ejected; at another time he said it was on the Thursday prior to the resignation of Conkling and Platt that he was put out of the White House, but seeming to recall the fact that he had said he made up his mind to kill the President just after Conkling and Platt resigned, he corrected himself and said it was long after he had determined to kill the President that he was ejected. He was quick enough to see that it would not do to say the assassination plot was conceived after he was kicked out of the White House.

Guitteau ssid he was not certain whether it was the first or second shot that hurt the President.

It is not true that Guitteau is kept in entire darkness as to the condition of the President. He learns from somebody how the President gets along. The few persons who get to see Guitteau let him know how the President gets along, and Guitteau said yesterday he felt remorse at causing the President so much pain, and was sorry that the shot had not been instantly fatal, as he thought it was when he saw the President fall.

Guitteau declared that neither Pearl nor any other man had any idea of the purpose to shoot the President, Guitteau keeps in apparent good spirits, but his eyes are bloodshot, showing that his cheerfulness is assumed. He says he wants the Star route investigation pushed. Numbers of letters and postal cards, mostly abusive, come to the jail to Guitteau.

CONSIDERS RECOVERY ASSURED.

Thomas White, surgeon, telegraphs from Bufort, S. C., as follows: "Every Southern heart has spontaneously throbbed in unison with the general solicitude for our President. Please convey my personal congratulations for the present safety, which to my experience betokens deliverence. I now consider recovery assured."

WINDOM AS A HUMORIST.

Sec. Windom is quoted as saying: "Nothing, to my mind, conveys so realizing a sense of the great National calamity as the fact that for nearly one whole week the office seeker restrained himself, and, for the time being, abandoned his request for office. That revealed to me a sublimity of private self-denial under the presence of a great public sorrow which I would never have discovered or believed under any other circumstances; and it showed better than everything else how deeply the souls of men were stirred. But it is not likely to last," resumed the Secretary in a plaintive tone. "The office seeker is abroad again, and he seems to have lost nothing of his pertinacity or vigor. When I was at the White House an hour or two ago they were setting up a new apparatus designed to cool the atmosphere. I asked Swaim how cool the room could be made, and he said, 'as cool as you please.' I asked him if he thought a room could be made so cool that office seekers would keep out of it, and he replied that he thought it might. Then I asked him to send over a half dozen of his machines to be set up in my office."

GUITTEAU THREATENED.

Sec. Blaine received in the mail to-day a postal card postmarked St. Louis, Mo., but without signature, upon which the writer states he had carefully watched the reports relative to Pres. Garfield, and should not be satisfied with simply the incarceration of Guitteau in an insane asylum, or for a term of years in the penitentiary, but that he has avowed by all that is holy to take vengeance for the suffering needlessly caused Pres. Garfield, and to kill Guitteau himself, which statement he desired not to be forgotten.

GUITTEAU NOT CLAIMING INSANITY.

It is known that the following statement by Mr. Stillson Hutchins, of the Post, accurately reflects much of the talk of Guitteau since his imprisonment:

"Guitteau does not, let me state by way of premise, admit that he has ever been insane, or that there is any such strain in him. This, the only possible palliation for his detestible crime, he repudiates. He has not apparently contemplated such a plea, even as a dernier resort, either as a protection from or mitigation of punishment. He does not pretend to think or admit that he has done any thing wrong or anything to be ashamed of. He does not, on the other hand, give expression to the slightest ill will or malice toward the President, nor will he express the least regret.

"A reference to some possible connection of Star Route people brought from him an indignant protest. Dorsey, he says, he used to know, but when he found out he had been robbing the Government through bogus mail contracts, he dropped him as a thief, and never would again speak to him. Brady he denounces as a scoundrel for permitting the Government to be robbed by the Star Route contractors. He hopes when Pres Arthur makes up his Cabinet, he will keep Postmaster General James and MacVeagh, both of whom he says are entitled to great credit for beginning the Star Route prosecutions. In fact, the most eminent civil service reformer, most placid and want free philosopher, could not affect more hearty admiration of official uprightness and integrity, or prouder scorn of wrong doing than Guitteau, the assassin.

"Guiteau affects to be—and, it must be admitted, appears to be—a person of deep religious sentiment. He indignantly repudiates the stigma of being a "best" or an imposter. That he did not pay his boarding house victims he admits, but says he would have done so if he had money, and will make them whole as soon as he gets any. He says he had to live, and thought it justifiable to borrow money to live on, or engage board without the means to pay for it, but not with any malicious or wanton intention to defraud. He does not swear, and constantly reproves it in others. He also says he never smokes or drinks, and so far as the female sex is concerned has been, to take his word for it, strictly continent for many years."

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

One of the most practical suggestions for determining the location of the assassin's bullet comes from Philadelphia. It recommends placing Guitteau where the President stood in the depot and firing a shot into him with the pistol which he used, from the position where he stood when he shot the President, and then cutting him up and tracing the course of the ball.

ANOTHER LUNATIC.

Matilda Bascomb, colored, was arrested in the square fronting the White House. She had been hanging around the White House grounds some days, acting strangely and talking wildly. She was taken to police headquarters, where she declared herself a warm personal friend of ex-President Hayes. The latter, she maintained, was still President. Her business with him was to collect the interest every week on money loaned Mr. Hayes by her, shortly after he entered upon his administration. Gen. Garfield's wound, she claimed, was by no means as bad as represented. It was only a flesh wound, but the physicians had exaggerated matters to make political capital. She was sent to the insane asylum.

TRAIN OFFERS HIS SERVICES.

Yesterday District Attorney Corkhill received to his care a postal card, dated Madison Square, New York, July 10, addressed "Citizen Assassin," reading as follows:

"Citizen Assassin: Having saved the party, Cabinet and star routes, smashed Sulwartism, killed the Democracy, immortalized Garfield, smothered Grant, Arthur and Conklingism, collapsed Depew, brought tears to the White House, obtained a quarter of a million gift for the family of the President, should pardon you as his best friend. In the name of Zion, you saved Zion. Six months in the tombs for quoting three columns of Bible before the revision to save Woodhull from Beecher. Declared of unsound mind though harmless by the highest medical experts, snubbed the money mania, Hammondites and sane, and responsible for his acts by a jury. As no one seems your friend, will you accept my services as counsel? Success guaranteed in advance.

"GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN."

DR. HAMILTON'S OPINION.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Dr. Frank H. Hamilton said this morning that the latest symptoms in Pres. Garfield's case indicate nothing but gradual improvement. Referring to a Washington dispatch printed in the Evening Post Saturday, in which the President's symptoms were spoken of as more serious than the public supposed, Dr. Hamilton said that account was exaggerated. Garfield was not a well man by any means, but his present symptoms were not alarming to a surgeon. More precautions were used to prevent excitement in the case of the President than in an ordinary case, and these precautions are what may alarm laymen; but the President is getting along well, and nature may be expected to do all that remains to be done. There will be no necessity at all for probing for the ball unless the healing of the wound is not healthful and indicates an internal abcess or concealed suppuration. If the healing of the wound seems to be natural and healthful nothing need be done.

DR. FANUEIL D. WESS

said this morning that a good deal of misapprehension existed concerning the objects of his experiments upon dead bodies in the dissecting room of the University Medical College. He did not fire balls into the bodies in order to see if such balls would make a mortal wound. All that he desired was some notion of the penetrating power of such a ball when deflected by a bone. Of course it is impossible to know what kind of deflection the ball was given by its contact with Garfield's tenth rib. The chief object of his experiments was to find out whether a bullet of that size could enter the body at a spot where Garfield was wounded and be deflected in such a way as not to injure the peritonium and liver. The conclusions reached were that such a thing was perfectly possible. "I have done with such experiments, having accomplished all that I set out to do. I have shown to the satisfaction of Dr. Hamilton and other surgeons that it was possible for a ball to enter the body between the 10th and 11th ribs, four inches from the spinal column, and yet produce no fatal injury."

DR. REYBURN'S OPINION.

A Washington special has the following: Dr. Reyburn, upon being shown the statement of Dr. Bliss, published this morning, to the effect that strong indications existed, by which the location of the ball will be exactly determined very soon if they continue, said that such was the fact, or at least that the suspicions heretofore entertained of its course were greatly strengthened. He declined, for professional reasons, to enter at length into a description of these indications. It was thought best to await further developments of them. They endorse the theory upon which the case has been conducted from the beginning.

"Will you make an effort to extract the ball soon?"

"Not until it becomes necessary, or until the patient is so far recovered as to be able to sustain an operation without danger. If it is in the interior wall of the abdomen it is not likely to give us any trouble at present."

"Does it give the President pain where it is?"

"The President's body just now is pretty sore from the head to the toes. His feet also pain him and his back feels as if broken in two, while the abdomen is of course tender. He would probably fail to detect just now the exact spot of the soreness due to the bullet. At least it would not do to depend upon such a feeling."

"Do you expect a speedy recovery?"

"I am encouraged by every day's report, and I expect to be able to say when a week is gone that our patient is absolutely out of danger."

STRANGE CASE OF WOUNDING.

One Live and Hearty Man Now Carrying a Ball in His Liver.

READING, Pa., July 12.—Two curious instances of recovery from desperate gunshot wounds are reported in this county, Lewis S. Hartman, ex Prothonotary of Lancaster county, was a volunteer private in the Union Army, and on May 30, 1864, at Bethesda Church, Virginia (within one hour of the time when his term of service would have expired,) he was desperately wounded, a bullet entering his left shoulder, penetrating his left lung and passing out through his right breast. He fell to the earth unconscious. Four of his comrades picked him up and hurriedly carried him several miles to the rear, where they encountered the surgeon of the regiment to which the wounded man belonged. The surgeon glanced at the wound, saw the character of it, and was about leaving without doing anything for the man, remarking that his time and labor could be used to greater advantage in ministering to those who had a chance for recovery. The wounded man's comrades insisted that something should be done, and the surgeon stepped long enough to arrest the hemorrhage, after which Mr. Hartman was removed to the hospital, remaining unconscious for several days.

He remained in the hospital for nine weeks, when he was pronounced well enough to be taken home. He was brought to Lancaster City, and placed under treatment of Dr. John L. Atlee, when he rapidly recovered. Mr. Hartman now weighs 190 pounds, and is one of the most active, energetic business men in Lancaster. The only inconvenience he has ever experienced has been when in the act of putting on an overcoat. At such times he has occasionally felt a short pain, traversing the course taken by the bullet, but it has been only momentary. Another well known authenticated case is that of George Deichler, son of Philip Deichler, one of Lancaster's best known citizens. Mr. Deichler's bowels were perforated by a bullet, and for a very long time all his food passed through the wound. He suffered more or less for years, but finally entirely recovered, and is now a strong, vigorous man.

Peter T. Phillippi, machinist, No. 1307 North Ninth street, this City, was wounded in the battle of Spottsylvania, the bullet lodging in his liver, where it remains to this day. Mr. Phillippi is in robust health, and suffers no pain, except in sudden change of temperature.

COMMISSIONER DUDLEY

Will Make Room for Union Soldiers.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—There is some stir created here over the announcement that Commissioner of Pensions Dudley intends to dismiss all clerks connected with his Bureau who served or were connected with the Confederate army during the rebellion. The Evening Star quotes Dudley as saying that while he has no disposition to discriminate against ex Confederates, he thinks they ought not hold positions which put it in their power to pass upon the claims of Union soldiers

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FOR
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Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
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A 25c co

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Nothing in the nature of an exchange will be inserted in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD unless accompanied with a remittance of 50c.

HOME TALKS.

Few people are really aware how largely their motions and actions are regulated by fashion, which lays its iron hand upon almost everything that enters into daily life. Our comings and goings are ordered, insensibly perhaps to ourselves, by her requirements. What we shall do, and how it may be done, as well as what we shall wear, are controlled by the fiats she thunders forth, and it is only a few independent or eccentric souls that dare dispute them. When some one does venture to do this, and is not met by the disapproval of the multitude, he feels much like the Harlem boy who rose in the morning and exclaimed. "Well, mother, here I am, safe and sound, and I didn't say my prayers last night either." He felt that he had dared much and passed uninjured through a crisis.

A proper regard for fashion, for the customs of the majority is a good thing, for it brings about revolutions of thought and action that are often very desirable. We could not but think of this when reading of the interest now taken in the art of cooking. Time was in the days of our grandmothers when every girl was thought to be accomplished in proportion as she understood the arts of housekeeping. It was the fashion to learn how to prepare food for the table, and the work was not considered in the least degrading, but on the contrary inspiring, inasmuch as it was undertaken for the pleasure and comfort of the home circle. A maiden who could not with her own fair hands prepare a meal, not only respectably but skilfully, was counted unfit for marriage, no matter what her other charms might be. It was the fashion to be a good cook, and no disgrace for a farmer's daughter to go into a family and do this needed work.

Times changed, or rather circumstances caused the fashion to do so, and the culinary art came to be looked upon almost as a degradation. Foolish women prided themselves upon their ignorance of what was going on in their kitchens, and girls scorned to know the composition of what regaled their æsthetic appetites. Out of this has grown a part of the feeling expressed by some of THE HOUSEHOLD correspondents in severe animadversions upon the advice of the Editor to women who were obliged to labor for their living, whose tastes pointed in the direction of household duties, but whose pride kept them from their assumption for dollars and cents. The writer of the Home letters has also been taken severely to task for calling attention to the pleasant homes girls might have in private houses, which were in strong contrast to those of shopwomen, etc. The burden of all these numerous letters has been "social ostracism," which could not be endured.

Fortunately the fashion which had so much to do with this degradation of household labor is changing. Cooking as a fine art is now studied by the wealthy women of Cities who are attending lectures and receiving instructions upon the subject, and young society ladies are giving tea parties at which they proudly point to the table whose delicious viands have been compounded by their own deft hands. These things stamp with respectability what has been in such bad odor, and will, we hope, in time do much towards making bright capable girls willing to earn their living where a careful and intelligent attention to their duties will win for them a valuable recognition and pleasant homes.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Kansas Sufferers.

I read an article in the BLADE quite recently entitled, "Montana Sufferers." Now I do not pretend to know anything about Montana sufferers, consequently will say nothing about them. I do not know but there may be a great many people there who really need aid. I do not doubt but there are scores of people there who have a mere nothing to live upon; and perhaps there are some very worthy poor, also. But while reading that same article I thought it possible that some of them might be like some of the poor that have come under my observation. I live in Smith County, Kan., and have taken some notes while living here. I will give instances of a few cases of poverty, for the benefit of the readers of those heartrending tales.

To begin with in explanation I will state that this portion of country has not been settled a great many years, and of course it becomes necessary for every one to work in order to make a living. There are no wealthy people here, yet there are some well-to-do farmers as well as elsewhere. But we are all comparatively poor. For the first instance there are a good many mortgaging their farms to get money to live upon, and as long as that lasts they live high, dress well, set a good table, give good dinners, don their best clothes, plug hat, fine boots, stick a cigar in their mouth and spend their time puffing around town. They are gentlemen; they do not need to work. But mind when their money is gone they are objects of charity. They expect people to take pity on their destitute circumstances, and lend a helping hand.

There is another class that is too shiftless to do anything but lay around Town on the dry goods boxes and whine about the weather and the country. "It is no use to put in crops; they won't grow; there will be drouth or grasshoppers or hot winds, or something, to destroy them." They are mightily afraid they will bestow a little labor in vain. They don't put anything in the ground, consequently they raise nothing. Or if they do muster up courage and ambition enough to make a pretense of planting something it is put in in a thriftless sort of way, which has very much the appearance of being scratched over by a hen and chickens. I could mention several families who make a practice of burying cornstalks all Winter; others burn hay which is better, but let their horses stand in a sad stable with no cover, only the walls to protect them from the Winter's cold and storms. All such as I have mentioned are people who came here with considerable means, and have spent it foolishly.

I know of some men spending the last 25 cents they could call their own at a restaurant for a good dinner, while their wives and children at home were obliged to eat corn bread and salt fat pork, it being all there was in the house to eat, while those same men did not know where the next 25 cents were coming from.

Last Winter there was a box of goods sent to Harlan, in this County, to be distributed to the needy. A United Brethren preacher sent to Ohio for it, and I suppose those who contributed toward it thought if it was sent in care of a minister it would be properly distributed. But when it arrived here the minister who sent for it, together with two others, helped themselves to all the best there was in it, and whether any one worthy got anything or not, I can not say. But I do know that one poor girl who had hardly enough to cover her nakedness, came to get some things, and she was told to "skip," "she didn't need anything," while those that were not needy gobbled up the greater portion of the contents of that box.

It was just so with a box of seeds that was sent to the destitute. It was circulated that such a box had arrived, and anybody and everybody run to get what they wanted. People that were abundantly able to buy what they did not have, never stopped to let those who could not buy have a chance. That is the way with nearly all the aid that is sent here. If it could be put into some trusty person's care, and judiciously distributed, aid would be of some use. But as long as it is open for every one to help themselves, it is of little good. But there are few in this country who would need aid, if every one would be industrious and work for a living, instead of sitting around and expecting to be fed and clothed without any exertion of their own. For this is a country in which anyone with health can make a living with industry and economy, and where is there a place in which a person would thrive without these. If these same persons are asked to do work for ordinary wages, they are insulted; but if you offer them about three prices, upon the pinch, they may be obtained. I and my husband came here seven years ago with a large family, and, after taking our homestead and purchasing a second class yoke of oxen, had not a shilling left. But rather than sit around on dry goods boxes waiting for something to turn up, my husband took his ox team and went to work for 50 cents per day, when there was no work to do at home. Now we are out of debt, have 125 acres improved, two good young teams, and everything comfortable. I think if a few others would do the same there would be less destitute people in the country. I do not wish to have it understood that I have no sympathy for poor people. I have, for the industrious poor, but not for loungers.

AN OBSERVER.

Whispering, Etc.

"Kansas Teacher," in giving "easy" directions for "preventing whispering," says, item 4, "Require scholars at roll call to answer perfect or imperfect, according as they have whispered or not." He does, I think, to say the least, stand on very dangerous ground.

We are told that "we are all but children of a larger growth," and that "the child is father of the man." This is indeed true. Children not already confirmed in fixity of habit and character are pliant twigs, to be bent as the tree is to be inclined.

A common school teacher has much absolute authority and power over a heterogeneous mixture of infant humanity, gathered from as many different social atmospheres and moral surroundings as the number of families they represent.

Here the children of conscientious parents, who have carefully sought to train them in the way they should go, and who have been taught to abhor deceit in any form, find themselves side by side with those who have been taught both by precept and example, that to successfully prevaricate is no wrong, but on the contrary is evidence of commendable smartness.

Now, how does item four operate practically? John whispers whenever he wishes to, and can safely elude detection, but has no scruples as to answering "perfect," when called upon for his day's report, while William, who in an unguarded moment has been inadvertently drawn into a slight breaking of the rule, but is too honest to deny it, reports accordingly. Now, by the rule, William is demerited—for his honesty—while John receives credit—for his duplicity. And so this is repeated, what is the natural result? William, seeing the continued success of fraud, loses faith in the assertion that "honesty is the best policy," for has he not seen his teacher pay a standing premium for lying, and shall not he regain his lost standing by the same means that others have gained theirs? And the hitherto straight and beautiful twig, becomes a distorted and unsightly scrag. William, heretofore honest, conscientious and upright, scorning the semblance of a lie, becomes an unscrupulous adept in prevarication and deceit; the fearful but legitimate result of recording scholars' behavior according to the report each may choose to give of himself or herself. Is it a matter of surprise that some parents hesitate to put their children under such influences? One of our Directors volunteers the opinion that all children will lie—he is a father.

A teacher's responsibility is a fearful thing to contemplate, and a teacher's success is not always the success which it seems to be. I know whereof I speak. Myself, and brothers and sisters, (there are 11 of us) long attended school where this accursed rule was enforced, and any who dared protest against the outrage were crushed by shere force of the teacher's authority. I have been a teacher since—have been a Kansas teacher—but never have I allowed to be introduced a practice so fruitful of evil. Better no rule at all than one habitually broken, as habitually denied, and the denials placidly accepted, and recorded as truth.

But this rule is otherwise an outrage. It is requiring of exhuberant and irrepressible youth, that which, the riper years of maturity will not tolerate. Imagine the same number of adults confined the same length of time without whispering and you have the whole thing in a nut-shell. ROSE ELLA PORTER.

Edgewood, Ill.

Different Subjects.

There is an extract in the BLADE of June 23d, from a letter written by "Independence," in which she says some startling things. Is it possible that any one can have such an idea? It is as the editor says, a subject that needs no discussion. Perhaps it is not always pleasant for a hired girl to be changing places, sometimes getting good homes and sometimes very disagreeable ones; but any position is preferable to a life of shame. I think that when girls even begin to discuss the subject they are really in danger. Dear girls—you who have to earn your own living—choose the kitchen always, in preference to a palace under such circumstance. A hired girl can be respectable, those of the other class cannot. Then what of the life hereafter? It is best not to live wholly for this world but to try to live pure here, that we may dwell with the pure in a better world above.

I now have in mind a beautiful young lady—I will call her—who was too thoughtful to remain at home in idleness and live off of a poor widowed mother, and went out among her friends and worked in their kitchens, preferring to do so to sewing, as it was more healthful. After a few years she married one of the most respectable young men in the place, and is now a very happy wife and mother. A nice, cheerful, agreeable girl is a pleasure to have around; if they will make themselves pleasant, they can always find good homes.

To "Neptune's sister," I would say, use rose oil to clean your gloves, but not too often, as it has a tendency to harden them.

To J. H. Mart, to get rid of ants, wash the cupboards with alum water, made strong, and leave the shelves wet and let dry, leaving a coat of alum on them. They will all disappear.

To H. T. Phelan, I would say sprinkle sulphur in the nests of your setting hens. Sweep down your roosts, then saturate them with coal oil, and whitewash the chicken house inside and out, and sprinkle lime all over the floor. Use coal oil and lime freely; and if your chickens feet have warty excretions on them, they are caused by the vermin; rub them with the oil also.

To Mrs. D. D.: This is my way of baking fish: After having washed and wiped dry with a towel, I fill it with dressing, made in the same manner as for fowls, then pepper and salt it well outside, and close it together and lay it in your dripping pan, and put pieces of butter all around it, and a little water to keep it from sticking; place in a hot oven and bake until brown, turn over and brown the other side, baste it once in a while to keep it moist, and when ready to serve, butter it on the outside. It is a dish fit for a queen.

"If "George" will use tobacco juice, it will cure ring-worm, and strong borax-water will cure dandruff.

I would like to say to "Jessie Forrister," that I did not think of going so far back as 50 years. Say 30 years. When I went to school, I went to a brick school house, and studied almost all the branches they do now, but we were not changing books every year, and we did not use the Bible either. PANZA.

The Lesson of the Years.

The years go by; the sweet south wind is drifting
About me now the orchard's waxen bloom,
Where lately through its leafless boughs was sifting
The radiant covering of the Winter's gloom.

The gray dawns wake us in the ghostly mornings
To hear from out the world of fragrant bloom,
The song-birds sing their wild lays—ever scorning
The semblance of a tune.

I turn aside from weary restless longing,
For things my life will probably never see;
In vain I try to quell the scorning
Of joys that come to me.

Seeing afar the gleam of ripening harvests,
Where strong brown arms bind up the golden grain;
I know they're few—yet, when I'd gladly join them,
My hands must lie in idleness and pain.

I see strong hands lie clasped in idle dreaming,
Stout hearts palsied 'neath inactive thrall,
And wonder why the blessing of His labor
Falls not alike on all.

Looking from out my homely world of duty—
Where, comes few gleams of glad surprise,
To where, unmeted falls a realm of beauty,
About unheeding and unloving eyes,

I try to see why thus to hands unwilling
Should fall the labor mine would gladly do;
I cannot see why beauty's wildest thrillings
Should come to hearts untrue.

The years go by. Again the south wind's drifting
Upon the ground the orchard's wealth of bloom;
While overhead the merry song-birds flitting,
Make glad the air with tunes.

Sitting contented in my world of duty—
The blindness falling from unseeing eyes,
I know how closely comes His realm of beauty;
Each day brings in some glad and new surprise.

I watch the seasons as they glide on by me,
Reaching my arms toward all the good they hold,
Knowing full well they will not chide me
For yearning for their beauty and their gold.

And they do not; in the sunset's glory,
And in the mists that crown the morning hills,
And in the sweetness of the lark's wild story
I find an antidote for all life's ills.

I find the lily dwells in lowly places,
Complaining not that roses deck the hills,
And from my eyes I wipe the bitter traces
Of tears that fell because of phantom ills.

I find that all around us lie his harvests
Whitening—and waiting for the reaper's hand;
That if we cannot lift the heavy burdens,
We all may enter in the gleaner's band.

And so I thank him for the blessings lying
Within the near horizons of his will
So close and warm and safe they hedge my pathway,
And all the hours with peace and comfort fill.

JASPER WIER.

Winona, O.

"Wintergreen's" Experience.

"Evergreen" writes: "I want to ask if it is proper for young ladies to correspond with young gentlemen that they have never met," asking for the experience of lady readers, whether that experience has been pleasant or sad.

Of the hundreds of questions I have read in different papers I never felt that any one was so directly asked of me as this, therefore I take pleasure in giving my experience. I am very fond of letter writing, and have now ten correspondents; but one of my rules has always been, never to answer *unknown* correspondents.

While attending the I. O. U., at Champaign, one day my most intimate girl friend came to me, saying: "I have a cousin, a young gentleman, who is studying for the ministry, who wants me to find him a good lady correspondent among my friends, and I want you to write to him." I only hesitated because I feared to offend her by refusing her request. She had spoken of me to him, so I told her to tell him that I never answered unknown correspondents. It was decidedly against my principles. The following Summer vacation, who should come to Champaign but this gentleman, to visit his cousin—my schoolmate. I met him and found him a Christian gentleman, intelligent and refined, and I wondered whether I had done right in refusing to answer his letters. But when, at our second meeting, he said, "I was so glad you did not write, for I think ever so much more of you for not writing than I possibly could if you had," I felt thankful that I had been true to my principles.

I might stop here, but think you would enjoy knowing that when he asked me if I would answer his letters that I did not refuse.

But this was six years ago. He has since been ordained as one of God's workers, and about two years ago married. He is preaching somewhere in Indiana. I have heard of him from time to time through his cousin, that he is doing a good work in his Master's field. For three years I enjoyed his letters, each one a sermon in itself.

This experience always comes to me when I see any one tempted in that way. I might tell a very laughable experience of a friend of mine who wanted fun. I argue with you that we should get all the fun we can out of this "vale of tears," but sincerely hope you will resist the temptation to get it in the way you mention. I shall wait anxiously to know whether you have changed your mind or not. WINTERGREEN.

Champaign, Ill., June 27, 1881.

A Pleasant Summer Resort.

Many of the numerous readers of the BLADE will, doubtless, summer at some rural resort. Our beautiful State receives a large share of pleasure-seekers and tourists, while Bear Lake, Elmer, Minnetonka, Kan., the vicinity of Duluth, the Dalles of the St. Croix, all these resorts are becoming famous.

Yet many must be wearied rather than refreshed, by a Summer's sojourn in a thronged hotel, and would fain find some quiet place in which they can rest; where they may read, walk, drive or sail at pleasure, and where Dame Fashion holds less sway. If any of the HOUSEHOLD are of this number I can tell them of a charming region as yet little frequented by tourists, where in cosy, comfortable farm houses or quiet hotels, they may pass a pleasant, restful summer. Doubtless there are other localities as favored, but none more so I think than the lake region in Kandiyohi County, adjacent to the villages of Atwater and Willmer. The scenery is beautiful—green, billowly prairie dotted with groves and set with sparkling, gemlike lakes. Some of these compare well with White Bear. Green Lake, for instance, is seven miles long by four or five in width perfectly oval in shape. A few families have tented here during summers past. Diamond Lake is almost as pretty. There are others, but I will not enumerate now. Grain and fish are yet abundant. Atwater is 90 miles west of St. Paul, on the Minneapolis & Manitoba railroad. It has three hotels, one large enough to accommodate a number of Summer boarders, but I think many would prefer to camp or find homes in some of the larger farm-houses nearer the lake. The writer has no personal interest in this save perhaps a little pride in the scenery of her adopted home. Should any desire further information they may address, D. A. H.

Irving P. O., Kandyohi Co., Minn.

From California.

I like outspoken people who dare speak what they feel, no matter whether their opinions are mine or not. We come to exchange ideas and learn wisdom. "L. L. P.," Butler County, Cal., gives expression to my sentiments to a letter.

Shall we march onward in the road of progression, or shall we turn back to ancient tradition? Must we mortgage our souls to the orthodox creed, and shackle our reason for Christianity's need?

Politically I am a Greenback, out and out. If I am denied admittance on account, I think I am deceived in our editor. Her remarks on Christian charity I read with interest. I think it is a subject that should be discussed and learned well. In my own original fashion, let me ask what Charity is, and hope you may respond.

Is it a name without address?
Is it something that we possess?
Is it a feeling within our breast,
That prompts an act of kindness?

Is it a jewel that is ever new?
Is it a pearl of the purest hue?
Is it a treasure we can bestow,
A gem that every heart should know?

Is it found in selfish deeds,
In giving freely alms of need,
In crushing the heart of one that bleeds,
To pass them by with careless heed?

Is it a heavenly gift divine,
That speaks in deeds purely kind,
That shows no selfish heart within,
That asks no thanks for what is done?

Is it that which can't be sold?
Has it a price above your gold?
A gem of love within the soul,
That speak in acts that's never told?

This visit to THE HOUSEHOLD is a treat to me; neighbors are "few and far between," and, like "Opal," I often feel more at home with strangers 3,000 miles away than with some I personally know. Not craving your sympathy, I give a specimen: The old story, "One day" a neighbor came with his head broken to see the Squire. He refused meat for dinner, it being Friday. I said, "Sam., why is it you Catholics won't eat meat on Friday?" Sam. scratched his head from under the bandages and looked wise, and after a moment answered: "God, I ought to know that question, I've had it tole me often-nuff, but dam-fi-no-now!"

Mrs. R. I. K. pleases me when she tells us she is acquainted with the lady who taught Gen. G. his letters. Now I want to tell THE HOUSEHOLD that our grandfather—you see there are eight or nine twigs of us—used to live neighbor to old Lyman Beecher, and my father used to play with H. W. B.; but I decline "honors."

ORIGINAL B.

Double Diamond Pattern.

I have had several calls for the double diamond pattern I offered to send to the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD. Will you be so kind as to publish it, and oblige me by so doing?

In the first place k stands for knit, n for narrow, to thread over.

Cast on nine stitches.

First row—k 3, n, to, n, to, k 1, to, k 1.

The 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th rows you knit all the even numbers, and seam (or purl) all the loops.

Third row—k 2, n, to, n, to, k 3, to, k 1.

Fifth row—k 1, n, to, n, to, k 5, to, k 1.

Seventh row—k 3, to, n, to, n, k 1, n, to, n.

Ninth row—k 4, to, n, to, n 3 together (3 stitches knit together) to, n.

Eleventh row—k 5, to, n 3 together, to, n.

Thirteenth row—You begin at the beginning again.

This is a very handsome edging, knit of very fine yarn or split zephyr.

Will some of the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD please send directions for crotcheting trimming of feather braid?

MRS. F. G. KING.

Ottawa, La Salle Co., Ill.

Fancy Window Bag.

Take an oyster can, cover with cardboard; crochet a round piece large enough to cover the end of the can; crochet scallops around the edge and fasten to card board; put one on each end and tie a cord and tassel in center of each to hang up by. EVA WALPS

Burlingame Ks.

Expressions of Opinion.

S. S. H. writes to criticise the critics in THE HOUSEHOLD:

"But I do want to criticise the critics. If the correspondents of this department are all sisters, as some like to call them, they ought to be more sisterly, and not be so sharp on those with whom they disagree. Since the editor is so obliging as to let every one express her opinion, we ought to bear with each other. Then I do not see why there need be so much firing at "Susan Power," (not that I imagine she cares at all;) she writes for all classes, rich and poor, stylish or otherwise; and though we cannot all refurnish our homes this year, yet it is pleasant to know what is considered nice by those who are furnishing, and if it is way beyond our means, who does not like to take a peep into fine houses and see their attractions? I find much in both THE HOUSEHOLD and in the Home letters for pleasure and profit, even if I do not agree with every one on every subject."

"Mary Durant" says regarding her idea of a true woman:

"She proves her capability for work by doing it well, knowing that the workman is generally paid according to his skill, and not sex. She does not think because a man has found fame and profit in doing a certain kind of work, that that is any reason she should attempt the same without regard to fitness for the task. Feeling not an inferiority to, but an equality with the other sex, she accepts their homage as her due, and never descends from her hight of womanliness to make advances to the masculine portion of humanity, believing that women should not be the seekers but the sought. She is proud, not of being manly, but of being womanly, thinking that therein her true excellence lies. She does the work she has to do, so as to glorify it, be it only washing dishes or mending socks, she is master of the work, not the work of her. She cultivates every talent, when it can be done without neglecting duty."

"Kansas" gives, as he says, a man's view of correspondence inaugurated through a newspaper:

"Some of your lady readers are terribly opposed to making the newspapers the medium through which to cultivate an acquaintance with men, especially if marriage is hinted at.

"Now it seems to me that necessarily there is no harm in it, but I admit that it may be abused, as anything else may be.

To me it looks like merely increasing the facilities for cultivating acquaintance, and surely it is not the vile, evil disposed who read the BLADE, but the refined, high-toned class of people."

Flora M. S. writes from California: "Let me tell you something of our Valley away out here in California. As early in the year as May one can sit under their own "vine and fig tree," while the gentle exhilerating breeze from the sea wafts the sweet perfume of blooming flowers and new mown hay around us, and enjoys a dainty dish of strawberries or a basket of oranges, lemons, guavas, and numerous other tropical fruits which grow in our "Sunny South." The climate is delightful, pleasant in Summer and not too cold in Winter. We can have flowers and vegetable gardens all the year round. Tomato vines grow to be very old and bear tomatos even in mid winter. We raise wheat, barley, flax, which grows wonderrully well here and is raised for the seed, canary seed, corn and beans, the latter two being our late crops. The others are planted in January and February. Corn and beans in April. The land is mostly rich black soil. We have good facilities for shipping, sending everything to San Francisco that we raise, where we get a very good price."

"E. O. C." writes in regard to the school question:

"I think it is the lack of system which is harming the schools of the present day. If teachers were all to instruct on the same plan it would be much better. One teacher may think map-drawing entirely useless in order to acquire a correct knowledge of geography. Another says it may be good but does not teach it with the scale, therefore does not teach it exact, and still another will have the scholars learn it by some method which they do not understand, and during the short term of school they have not time to get whys an wherefores. Now if, there were more system, if all taught it in the same way, how much better for the scholars.

"W. F. Okey," Brick Church, Giles Co., Tenn., writes about Middle Tennessee:

"This is a good country and a man can do well here. It is a splendid grain and stock country. Health is good here. Land is cheap and can be had on easy terms. Plenty of fine everlasting running water for man and stock. Good schools and churches. Society is improving, and the people are anxious for good Northern people to come and settle here. Political prejudices are not in the way at all, as a Union soldier is just as safe here as anywhere. Some of the county officers were Union soldiers. The Legislature has just given the State a good road law and we will soon have good roads. The Louisville, Nashville & Great Southern Railroad runs through this County. Good markets for everything we can raise. I would say to the readers of the BLADE and all those who contemplate a change of home, come and see Middle Tennessee before you locate. We expect to make this our home, and would be glad to have a good number more from the North to settle near us."

Here is a smart woman, who tells what she can do:

"I am not a 'Woman's Rights' woman, neither am I a 'school marm.' I am a farmer's wife, that does all her own work, and can do many things that most farmer's wives cannot do. I can harness horses, hitch them to the wagon, buggy, plow or corn planter; can either drop corn or drive. Raise about 275 chickens and some turkeys each year, milk two cows; my marketing, with $15 board, brought me $100. I plant and weed nearly all of our vegetable garden; do all of my sewing by hand, except two or three times a year I go down to father's, and sew on mother's machine four or five hours, do my own house cleaning, except whitewashing and shaking and putting down carpets. Made a new rag carpet last year, and crocheted a large tidy for my rocking chair. I can do the chores when my husband is not at home, even to feeding the hogs and watering the horses and cows, 'Peggy Short.' I put up about 75 quarts of fruit, besides various kinds of jelly and butters last year."

"Moss Rose" says:

'Some time since some one inquired through the BLADE for a book, by Charles Reade, on Prison Discipline, and the answer was, I think (may be mistaken) this; 'None such.' Perhaps he did not write on 'Prison Discipline,' but he wrote, 'Never to Late to Wed,' and the author of that work takes the reader into prison, introduces him to the prisoners, and shows him the different modes of punishment for the refractory, and places before him the Chaplain, Mr. Eden, a man of correct principles, and a faithful worker in the cause of truth. I have read the book, and whether fiction or fact, I cannot, positively, say. I choose to think that much that is told in the book is but a record of sorrowful experiences with which the writer was familiar.

Mattie, Raymond, Ill., writes:

"I say God speed the day when the women can have a voice in making the laws of our country. Whisky will be put down then, and stay down. I for one will vote the first chance. I think we can vote and not neglect our work any more than the men.

"I am a lover of flowers, but cannot keep them through the winter without freezing.

"As for hiring out, I do not think it a disgrace, any more than being a dress maker, school teacher, or the numerous other occupations that other ladies follow. I have worked out, and can again if need be.

"No, 'Evergreen,' don't, if you value your peace of mind, don't correspond with strangers, even for fun."

Enquiries.

Will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD send me a cure for asthma, as my brother is suffering very much?—C. B. T.

Can any of the readers of the BLADE inform me of the whereabouts of a town called Mousettville, supposed to be located in some of the Western States? Please give County and State.—MRS. HENRY NIXON, Stewartsville, De Kalb Co., Mo.

There is no postoffice of that name in the United States.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Is there any way to keep pearl buttons bright and sparkling without taking them off every time an article is washed?

Furthermore, can any one tell of a remedy or preventive for mildew on rose-bushes?

There has recently appeared upon rosebushes here a yellowish, brownish dust, completely covering the leaves, of which I should like to learn the nature and extent of destructiveness. Also a remedy. It looks much like the rust which appears on wheat.—LOU T.

I notice an article by "Willamette" concerning old John Brown and in it the following lines of poetry:

"John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on," etc.

I should like to have all of the lines, and if some kind reader of THE HOUSEHOLD will send them I will be very much obliged, and also will some one please send "Sweet Sunny South," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and "Bonny Blue Flag."—JOHN T. CAMPBELL, McKenzie, Tenn.

Will C. H. Duff, of Murray, Ind., please tell where saxifraga may be obtained and in what quantity it should be taken to remove a cataract from the eyes of one or two years standing?—E. J.

Will you please ask some good old lady, who has raised a family, for a good but harmless remedy for a bad blood disease?—F. C. ADAMS, Brookville, Kansas.

Will some one please tell me what will keep mold from coming on canned fruit?—MRS. WM. HARRIS, Trenton, Ill.

Will some one of the many readers of the BLADE send me a recipe for a purifying and strengthening syrup? Please give ingredients and how to prepare the same. Tell through THE HOUSEHOLD or address—NANNIE, Romeo, Mich., Box 151.

Can any reader of the BLADE furnish me with the back numbers of the BLADE of Jan. 13th and 20th? I will pay postage.—MRS. ASHLEY DOWNING, Mill P. O., Fayette Co., Iowa.

Would some reader of the BLADE residing in southeastern Dakota or southwestern Minnesota, along the line of the Winona & St. Peter Railroad, please send me their address, or else be so kind as to answer a few questions through the columns of the BLADE:

1. Is the above mentioned region a good farming and stock-raising country?

2. Are the Winters long and cold, and do you have great snow storms so that houses and cattle are buried under the snow, as I have heard?

3. What chance would there be for a man to get work, and at what wages?

4. What time does harvest commence?

5. Is there any good Government land along the line of the Winona & St. Peter Railroad?

By answering the above questions you will greatly oblige—W. H. GRISSINGER, Parker, Andrew County, Mo.

If "Lottie" will please send her address to "Mollie Adams," Moline, it will kindly oblige. I will sent stamp to pay postage on her return letter. I want to ask for explanation of some parts in her bed spread pattern.—MARY C. AVERILL, Moline, Allegan Co., Mich.

Answers to Inquiries.

MRS. T. A. O., in Toledo BLADE of June 30, asks for a remedy for "weakened sinews." Bandage closely as can be worn with comfort, and keep the bandage constantly wet with a decoction of white oak bark—strong. Be careful in using, as it stains very badly. I will cheerfully give her any information in my power, if she will write me.

If Mrs. Mitchell wishes trailing arbutus I think I can send her some. The expense will be trifling. I hardly know what a half dozen roots will weigh. Never tried to cultivate them. Don't know as they will thrive after she gets them.—MRS. ADDIE M. LADUE, Box 32, Brocton, Chautauqua Co., New York.

A sure cure for wens, at least we have found it so, is a strong solution of salt and water. Apply as often as convenient. —RHODA.

Thanks to Mrs. H. B. Dickinson, of Elmira, N. Y., for the recipe for making sugar cookies without eggs. I tried it and found them excellent. Harvest came and I was in a quandary about making cake without eggs, as my chickens fell victims to that fatal disease—cholera—consequently I was minus eggs and chickens. In the confusion of getting dinner I took time to look over THE HOUSEHOLD Department. The first recipe my eyes fell upon was, "Sugar Cookies without Eggs." You may rest assured I had cake for dinner in defiance of eggs. Hope Mrs. D. will favor us with similar recipes. I am not very young in years, but young in the experience of housekeeping and always glad to find something that will suit my circumstances, as I live in a country where economy is not a stranger and variety is unknown, particularly with breakfast, dinner and supper, where we have only bread and meat, and meat and bread.—AGATHA, Wichita, Kan.

"Susanah Jane," I think if you will go to the woods and gather some mandrake roots, steep or boil them an hour, and then when the water is cold sprinkle your pansies, it will be the last of insects of any kind.

Mrs. E. M. Nichols, I will give you the address of a firm in the South who deal in shells extensively; it is, D. Greenlesf, Jacksonville, Fla.

Minnie Taylor, I have the pattern for as pretty an "air castle" as I ever saw. It is made of card board and is called the "tulip castle." I will send you the pattern for your address and a three cent stamp to pay postage.—LITTLE DORRIT, Box 92, South Saginaw, Mich.

Please tell the lady who inquired how to keep the rats out of her cellar, to take sticks or anything that is handy and give them a good coat of tar and fill up the places the rats get through. And say to the one who wanted to know how to keep the worms off her cabbage, to sprinkle them with tar water.—MRS. RUTH TILSON, Xenia, Clay County, Ill.

If the person who has suffered nine years from general debility will send me postage, I will send a recipe that will help if not cure. Please state your case fully when you write. I am a stranger to THE HOUSEHOLD, but have an interest in and sympathize with all that are afflicted. I have a number of recipes that I know are good for many diseases and I will be glad to send them to those who need them. I also have some excellent recipes for coloring. And if "George" will write to me I will send him a remedy for scurvy in the gums, and a cure for dandruff and ringworm. I cannot compose well enough to write for THE HOUSEHOLD, for I would rather write to the person. Address—MRS. H. B. DEGROAT, Tracy Creek, N. Y.

Recipes.

QUICK CUSTARD PIE.

Take 3 eggs and beat them up with 3 tablespoonfuls of flour; add about 1 pt. of milk with enough sugar to suit the taste. For seasoning, put in a little grated nutmeg. The flour will settle to the bottom and make a crust. For a quick custard, prepare your custard, put it into a spider and let it come to a boil.—SILLY SALLY.

LIGHT CORN BREAD OR OLD FASHIONED PONE.

In the morning early, make 1 qt. of mush; pour in cold water enough to thin it; stir in meal and 1 pt. of shorts and 1 tablespoonful of salt. When it is as thick as mush, set aside to rise in a warm place. Water will come on the top; pour this off and stir in a little more meal. This will make it rise better; grease your pan, have the lid hot; heap coals under and on top of the lid, and bake until brown and firm. This bread cannot be baked in a stove as it will be too dry, but in an old-fashioned oven, such as our grandmothers used to bake bread in.—MRS. WM. HARRIS.

CUSTARD PIE WITHOUT CRUST.

In return for favors, I send a tried recipe, desirable for those who do not like rich pastry or unnecessary labor: 3 eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar 3 tablespoonfuls of flour, 1½ pint of milk; bake in buttered pie dish.—A. B.

CURE FOR NEURALGIA.

1 oz of oil of peppermint, 1 oz of ammonia and sweet oil, 1 oz of beeswax; warm sweet oil to melt beeswax, remove from fire and add peppermint; last ammonia and cork tight. This is a sure cure; rub on parts afflicted and bind up.—Mrs. T. A. C.

COCOANUT CAKE.

2 well beaten eggs; 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 2 cups flour, 1 cup of sugar, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful cream-tartar, flour. To put between the cakes, take the whites of 2 eggs, ½ cup sugar, 1½ cups cocoanut; beat the whites to a froth and add the sugar and cocoanut, flavor. For loaf cake, omit the filling and use two cups of cocoanut, soaked in milk, instead of the two cups of flour. Use the prepared cocoanut.—LILLIAN.

Exchange Wanted.

Annie P. Huntington, Castle Rock, Cowlitz County, Washington Territory, will exchange specimens of cinnabar, petrified wood, flint, pumice rock, etc., for other specimens.

Vanity of Old Women.

Alexander Stephens has registered an oath on high that under no circumstances whatever, will he ever be guilty of the unpardonable crime of telling a lady's age. He did it once, and that once was enough for all time. The Washington correspondent of the Louisville *Courier Journal* tells the story: "He says that at a time when it was known that the widow of Pres. Madison was in such great poverty, as really to be suffering for the necessaries of life, a bill for her relief giving her a pension was introduced into the House, which he earnestly championed. He made a telling point in urging its immediate passage by saying: 'Gentlemen, to-day the lady reaches the venerable age of 82 years, and it would be a particularly graceful thing for this House to honor the day by passing at once the bill for her relief.' He laid such stress upon the matter, and advocated the passage of the bill so warmly, that it was passed on that day. He felt so elated with his triumph that he decided to take the news to her himself, and hastened at once to her residence. Some one, however, had preceded him and fully reported his speech to the lady, who, to his surprise, greeted him by saying: 'Oh, thank you, Mr. Stephens, for getting my bill through; but you made a mistake when you said I was 82 to-day. I am not 82. I am only 80 to-day. That was a grave mistake.' When Mr. Stephens repeated this to Mrs. John J. Crittenden, one of Mrs. Madison's friends, who had told him her age, she said: 'All the same, Mr. Stephens, it is true she is really 82 years old.'"

No Horse Sense.

Boston Journal.

In regard to the recent victory of Mr. Lorillard's horse, Iroquois, at the Derby, the London *Truth* says that on the day of the race the horse was denounced as being over-trained. The same paper says that the policy of Mr. Lorillard's stable has been a marvel of imbecility. And yet Iroquois has won two races since the Derby.

Our Young Folks.

PLANTING TIME.

"I've planted a paper of pins in a row;
I wonder when will my pin trees grow?"
Cried darling Dora, with puzzled eyes,
At aunty's look of complete surprise.

"Planted a paper of pins, my dear?
They'll never come up, though you wait a year.
Yes, you may wait a year and a day,
And down in the ground your pins will stay.

"Roses and lilies and daisies white,
Blossom and flourish in dark and light;
But pins will rust in the planted row,
For out in the garden no pin trees grow."

KNOTS.

BY ELLA M. BAKER.

There was a flurry all through the house that morning. Though Bell's auntie could not go downstairs to find out why it was, because she had been too sick to leave her room and was only slowly getting well, she smiled to herself as she heard the sounds.

She loved Bell, and Bell it was whose feet she heard running up and down the stairs; Bell whose animated voice echoed even to her shaded room.

Bell was always in a hurry, always quick, eager, and vehement. Her auntie well knew that she would drive the cook half distracted by her haste about having the lunch put up; that she would tie on her hat so furiously fast that something would give way and have to be mended; that, in the energy with which she would fasten her gloves, a button would fly off; that, after all, when everything had been finished, it would lack three-quarters of an hour to the time when the picnic party would call for her, and that Bell would spend that three-quarters of an hour in uncontrollable fidgets.

So, when Bell ran by her door for the thirteenth time, auntie called to her. It was one of Bell's lovable traits that, in spite of her headlong ways, she would turn aside any time from her own haste to oblige other people. She came in at once, with one glove on, and her needle dangling from the other where she was replacing the button.

"What is it, auntie?" she asked brightly. "Ice-water?"

"No, dear, I wanted you," answered her auntie.

"Well, auntie dear," said the sunny girl, "you shall have me, every minute of me I can spare, till the others come along; only I must hurry and get my buttons on to be ready." And she sat down with an excited air, and drove her needle in

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on Agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Experiments in Pig-Feeding.

We collate the following facts from the Second Biennial Report of the Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, 1879-80. The experiments were undertaken to ascertain whether the Western plan of feeding in open fields, in cold weather, is more profitable than feeding in sheltered yards or pens. Ten pigs, all Berkshires, were fed, each in a different manner, and the result carefully noted. During the summer preceding, and up to the time the experiment began, all the pigs were kept in a large pasture-field—mostly prairie grass, but containing a small proportion of orchard grass and alfalfa—receiving an ear of corn per day. The pigs were a remarkably uniform lot, and of very excellent quality. Half the pigs were arranged in the basement of a warm stone barn, and the others in an open yard on the south side of a close board fence, five feet high, but without other protection, except straw "nests," which were furnished both sets as needed. A single pig occupied each pen, an arrangement necessary to the proper apportionment of food and distribution of the results of the experiment.

In pens 1, 2, 5, 6, 7 and 10 shelled corn exclusively was fed; in pens 3, 4, 8 and 9 a ration of bran, in addition to the corn was fed, the amount varying but little from two pounds per day. In all the pens all the corn that the animal would eat was fed, great care being taken that none was left over in the troughs and wasted, or, on the other hand, that the animals were sufficiently supplied. The pigs were fed twice daily, at 8 A. M. and at 4 P. M., the feed being weighed out accurately to each pig at every feeding. If at the time of feeding the previous feed had not been consumed the surplus was removed, and a proportionate reduction made in the amount of the next feed. All the pigs received whatever water they required. The bran was fed dry or mixed with water, to suit the tastes of the different pigs. At first this was eaten with apparent relish, but as the pigs increased in ripeness they seemed to care less for the bran, finally refusing it altogether, when, about the eighth and ninth weeks, the bran ration was discontinued. Records of the daily temperature were also kept.

The five pigs kept in warm pens gained 52.9 per cent. of original weight from Nov. 1 to Jan 17th following; those in open yard gained 52.2 per cent. In the first case the average number of pounds of corn per pound of increase was 5.05 to 5.21; or 4.78 to 5.84, with ½ to ¾ lb. of bran. With the pigs in the yard it took 5.21 to 6.02 pounds of corn, or 5.39 to 6.17 lbs. of corn with ¾ to ¾ lb. of bran, to make a pound of gain. For the pigs fed exclusively on corn, it took an average of 5.15 lbs. of corn to make a pound of increase, when kept in warm pens; for those in the yard it took 5.48 lbs.

The total loss from feeding in the open yards was quite marked throughout, and the variations in individual cases were considerable. It was noticeable that the quietest animals, the best feeders of those fed "outside," endured the severe weather the best, and gave the largest returns for the food consumed. These, during the severe weather which prevailed during the 6th, 7th and 10th weeks, passed much of the time in a condition closely resembling hibernation; they came to their feed during severe weather with great apparent reluctance, and rarely oftener than once each day, during the remainder of the time lying very still, the vital functions apparently moving at the slowest pace.

The very uniform increase in the amount of feed required to produce one pound of increase, during each subsequent week of the experiment, after the first and second weeks had been passed, is fairly brought out by the experiments of Mr. Miles and others, was plainly shown. The diminished amount of food consumed for each 100 pounds live weight during each subsequent week of the experiment, after the animals had become reasonably "ripe," was also noticeable.

The importance of a ration of bran or other coarse food in connection with corn for fattening pigs, is frequently urged by writers, on theoretical grounds. It was chiefly to test this question that bran was used with corn in two of the pens of each of the two series. The value of the bran fed in this experiment may be shown in a brief summary and comparison of the results obtained. In pens 1, 2, 5, 6, 7 and 10, in which corn exclusively was fed, 901½ lbs. of increase cost 4,778.5 lbs. of corn, and in pens 3, 4, 8 and 9, in which corn and bran were fed, 569 lbs. of increase cost 2,975 lbs. of corn and 432 lbs of bran. That is, 8.42 lbs of corn had in this experiment, a feeding value equal to that of 75.78 lbs. of bran—a fact which seems to show that corn alone can be more profitably used for fattening hogs than a mixed feed consisting of corn and bran.—*Country Gentleman.*

Orchard Management.

The following hints by a writer in an exchange are practical and to the point. Of course they must be taken with allowance, and not followed blindly, no matter what the circumstances are:

In three years I improved the production of my fruit trees from fifteen to two hundred bushels by treating them in the following manner:

I first reduced the top one fourth then in the fall I plowed the soil as well as I could, it being quite rocky, and turned a short furrow toward the trees. As I worked from them I let the plow fall a little lower, and when between the trees I allowed the plow to run deep, so that the water would settle away from them in the spring. I hauled a fair quantity of coarse manure, pulverized it well, and marked out hills, manuring each hill. I planted corn and beans, and harvested a nice crop of corn, beans and pumpkins. The following spring I repeated the same form of cultivation, and harvested the second crop of corn, beans and pumpkins, which paid me to satisfaction. My trees began to grow very fast, and that fall I harvested 70 bushels of very good apples. The following spring I manured for the third time; planted it to potatoes, which grew very large, but rotted very badly. I made up the loss, however, by harvesting 200 bushels of large and natural fruit. I changed the production of a yellow bell-flower tree from three fourths of a bushel to seven bushel, and sold them for $1 25 per bushel, which I think a very good return for my labor. From my experience I am of the opinion that most trees have too much top for the amount of roots, and a deficiency of nourisament for producing a developed fruit. I like fall or winter pruning. Always cover the cut with grafting wax or a thick paint. After removing the limbs by thining out the center of the tree, it has a tendency to make it grow broad. Too many varieties are bad, and hardy stock is all that is needed.

How to Plant Celery.

The old method of setting Celery at the bottom of a trench is still occasionally followed, either by gardeners who have done this in the old country, or by our own people who have not learned the better way of planting it on the surface. Celery is one of the plants with which little is gained by hurrying; it will not grow rapidly until after mid-summer, when we have the favoring conditions of warm days and cool, dewy nights; and our most experienced gardeners do not set out the main crop until the present month. Market gardeners grow celery as a second crop, to follow an early one for which the soil has been well manured; if this cannot be done, then the soil must be well enriched before planting. It rarely pays to raise celery plants in a private garden if one is where they can be purchased. In buying plants, select those that look strong and stocky, a condition produced by proper cutting back their leaves while in the seed-bed. The plants are to be set in rows, four feet apart, and six inches distant in the rows; they require careful planting, and should be no deeper in the ground than they were originally in the seed bed. In all transplanting, it is important to have the earth closely in contact with the roots of the newly set plant; this may be done by going along the row and pressing on each side of the plant with the foot, or by carefully crowding the earth down with the hands as each plant is set. If a cloudy time cannot be selected for planting, then do the work towards evening, and give a thorough watering. The plants have nothing further done to them until September, when the leaves are brought to an upright position and earth is drawn around to hold them there. We hope to give the after treatment in the proper month; in the meantime, the celery has nothing to do but grow, in which it must be encouraged by hoeing or cultivating often enough to destroy all weeds and keep the soil loose, taking care in these operations to not throw any earth into the heart of the plants.—*American Agriculturist.*

Brooky Hens.

The "cluck" of a hen may be a pleasant or unpleasant sound to you, according to your need of her services in the sitting line. And, indeed, in the summer, when their services are not needed, to have the majority of your hens determined to sit is enough to try the patience of anyone if he does not know how to break them up. If you have some place where you can set your hens apart from the rest of the flock you are all right; then corn and water can be kept by them. But I would differ with some, and not furnish a dust bath except in hot weather, for they are apt to stop there and let the eggs get chilled.

Sprinkle plenty of sulphur in the nest and rub a handful in the hen's feathers, and vermin will be kept at bay. In making the nest use short, soft straw or chaff. If you use long straw, ten to one you will make the center of the nest too low and the eggs will be piled one on top of another, and so broken. Move your hens after dark, putting from four to six good-sized nest eggs in each. Then cover them with a box or barrel, not so close as to smother them. Uncover them the next day toward dark, and the chances are that your hens will sit steadily. I advise sprinkling the eggs with warm water once in three days after the tenth day.

The best way I have ever tried to break up a sitting hen is to cool "her off." A broody hen has a sort of fever of the breast and legs, and anything that will cool this fever will break her up from sitting. In spring or fall turn a coop over the offender, and let her sit on the cold ground. In hot weather put her in a tub with a half-inch of water in the bottom. From twelve to thirty-six hours will effect a perfect cure. If fowls do not sit when you wish them, feel a little more. Or if they trouble you by too ardent sitting, feed lightly and give oats in place of corn.

Watering Horses.

One thing in treatment of work-horses in hot weather we are disposed to deprecate, viz.: the custom of watering them three times a day and no more. It is simply cruelty on the part of man towards his beast, to compel the team to plow or mow from early morning until noon, or from noon until night without allowing the privilege of a refreshing draught. It is inconvenient, many times, to water the team during the forenoon or afternoon, and we are apt to think the time thus taken lost, but when the farmers' millenium comes, there will probably be drinking troughs in every field, supplied from some elevated spring or from a running stream. In the meanwhile, time "lost" in doing good, even though it be in behalf of the dumb animals, is well "lost"—it may be regained. Could they speak, it might be to say that they would like to be treated, in the matter of times for food and drink, somewhat as we—their wise masters—are accustomed to treat ourselves.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Sweet Corn.

As this luxury is just in season, it is well to avail ourselves of every style of cooking it to make it relish as a table dish. It is good simply boiled in the old-fashioned way; but far more delicious to shave the kernels from the cob with a sharp knife, put three pints of the corn into a preserving kettle, with a quart of water, and let it boil fifteen minutes, taking care to stir it frequently; then add a piece of butter the size of an egg, a tablespoonful of salt and a pint of milk; stir well and bring to a boil; then dish up in saucers for the table. It is just delightful! Another nice dish from sweet corn is to grate off the kernels from the cob (six good sized ears are enough); make a custard of three pints of milk, two well-beaten eggs, three large spoonsful of sugar, and a small lump of butter; stir the grated corn into the dish, and stir often while cooking. It makes a delicate pudding. It takes an hour and a half to bake, and is a pleasant variety for a dinner dish.—*Farm and Fireside.*

Pressure for Ensilage in Silos.

One matter of inconvenience in ensilage is the loading down of the ensilage with heavy stones or other weights which necessitate a great amount of hard labor. It has seemed to us that some device for giving the required pressure might be originated which would do away with the stone weight system, and we understand that Mr. George T. Powell, of Ghent N. Y., is about to make the trial with screw power. In the long walls of the silos eight one-and-a-half iron screws have been built, each having a thread four feet in length and furnished with a suitable nut. The ensilage will be first covered with planks, across which and parallel with the long walls, two or more timbers will be placed, and at right angles with these, timbers with holes near the ends, for receiving the iron rods mentioned, will be screwed down far enough to furnish the required amount of pressure. How the device will succeed remains to be seen; at any rate we do not predict failure.—*Rural New Yorker.*

LIKE A FLASH

Did a Cincinnati Man Have His Head Split in Two.

CINCINNATI, July 8.—The Gazette says: Frank Ghode, aged 30 years, and employed in the machine shop of Michaels & Schurmair, was instantly killed in the most horrible manner yesterday afternoon. He was engaged in polishing a grate casting by means of a large emery wheel over 14 inches in diameter and four inches thick. How the accident happened will probably never be known, but the wheel, which was going with terrific velocity, suddenly burst in three pieces. One piece fell to the floor, a second passed across the building with lightning-like velocity, and passing through the brick wall as through so much paper, landed in the street. The third piece flew up and striking the unfortunate man in the forehead, took the upper half of his head off as neatly as though a knife had passed through it, and scattered his brains over the floor. It is perfectly safe to say that he never knew what caused his death, so quickly was it done. The Coroner was notified, and ordered the body to be taken to an undertaker's. Ghode lived in Newport, on Isabella street, and leaves a wife and three children.

Burglars Shot.

PIQUA, July 6.—A report comes from Bradford, 10 miles from here, that burglars attempted to enter a store and were saluted by the contents of a shotgun fired by a young man who was sleeping in the building. They fled, and the dead body of one of the party was discovered in a cornfield, the gun shot wounds having proved fatal. Yesterday, in the same vicinity, some citizens are reported to have exchanged shots with some fleeing horse thieves, resulting in one of the horses being killed by a pistol bullet.

THE ASSASSINATION.

Notes of Interest on the Sad Affair.

GUITTEAU HOPES GARFIELD WILL DIE.

WASHINGTON, July 6—Col. Crocker, jail warden, says that Guiteau appears very anxious about Pres Garfield's condition, and earnestly hopes he will die, so that the Republican party will be united. Gen. Crocker says that on some subjects the man talks brightly and intelligently. He does not regard him as insane by any means.

ANOTHER CRAZY MAN.

went into the Adjutant General's office, slapped Gen. Drum on the back and said he had a revelation that he must kill Vice Pres. Arthur. He was promptly arrested.

GARFIELD'S HEROISM.

Gen Swain says the President retains all his indomitable courage, and the clearness of his mind has been simply marvelous. He philosophizes on his situation and the consequences which are to follow his death or recovery as coolly as though the case were that of another. Believing he can be useful to his country as well as to his family, he has a strong desire to live; and, as he has said more than once, "I will take the chance, if there is only one." I thought, says the General, I knew him as well as one man could know another; but I have discovered in him in the course of the last three days a grandeur and heroism of character of which I had never before dreamed.

NEGROS TO LYNCH GUITTEAU.

The Dispatch says it is reported that an organization of 600 negros has been discovered banded together to take possession of the jail and kill Guitteau in case the President dies.

THE MISSING BULLET.

Notwithstanding the fact that the bullets fired at the President were unusually large, no trace of the one which grazed his left arm has been found, though hundreds have looked high and low in the depot building to find any mark where it struck. It passed through the President's coat sleeve, but its course afterward is not known.

THE DOCTORS.

So much has been said about the disagreement at first of the physicians to the President that the matter has been aired considerably in the newspapers. There is no doubt that the recent absence of some who were at the President's bedside at first, grew out of this state of affairs. Mrs. Garfield afterwards got a little anxious about the treatment. Out of this grew the telegraphing for Drs. Hamilton and Agnew. Dr Gross was also telegraphed for. Drs. Hamilton and Agnew arrived together and their approval of the President's treatment as it had been inaugurated and carried on reassured her. Dr. Gross came afterwards, but not being known did not get into the house, and left without expressing an opinion. There has been a very lively row among the doctors, but Dr. Bliss has the care and the confidence of all immediately interested. Surgeon General Barnes and Dr. Reyburn are preparing a statement for the newspapers about the difficulty.

BENSON'S STORY SPOILED.

The story telegraphed from here that Benson, formerly of the Secret Service Division, prevented Guitteau from shooting Sec. Blaine, after he had shot the President, by grasping the assassin by the throat, throwing him down on the floor of the depot and wrenching the pistol from him, is pronounced totally untrue by persons who witnessed the shooting and who first caught the assassin. Parke, Ticket Agent at the depot, who was the first man to seize Guitteau, says he saw every motion made by the latter, and that he did not pay any attention to Blaine; that as soon as he fired the second shot Guitteau endeavored to leave the depot, and as he was going out Parke caught and held him, crying out at the top of his voice, "This is the man who shot the President." Smith, an employe of the depot, who saw Guitteau from the time he entered the depot till he was carried away by the officers, says Guitteau did not turn the pistol towards Blaine and did not even look at the Secretary. All who witnessed the shooting contradict the story of Benson, and say that he was not in the room when the President was shot.

A CRAZY COLORED MAN.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock when all was still within and without, a colored man well dressed and of a distinguished appearance, called at the Executive Mansion and demanded to see the President, and claiming the latter had sent for him and wanted him to come immediately. He urged the matter so much that they decided to call Private Secretary Brown out of bed to see if the man had been really sent for. Of course he was set down as a lunatic, and his request for admission refused. A police surgeon followed him and asked the stranger's name. He answered that his name was Orlando Ball, and that he was employed in one of the Departments.

"What brings you here at such a late hour?" asked the officer.

"I was in bed and a messenger came and told me that the President was sinking rapidly, and desired to see me before he died. I hurried over but they won't let me in."

Not fully understanding the case the officer allowed the man to go out unmolested, but orders have been issued to arrest him, if he should again show himself on the grounds. How he obtained admission to the grounds is a much discussed topic, as few persons without passes are allowed to enter the gates. His is the second case to-day of a lunatic as a result of the terrible tragedy of Saturday morning, and it shows how deeply the affair has shocked the popular mind.

GUITTEAU'S PAPERS.

The Western Associated Press Agent called upon Attorney General MacVeigh and asked if he would give for publication the paper and documents taken from Guitteau when arrested. 'Not yet," replied the Attorney General. "Just as soon as the President's condition is such as to give us a chance to get at business, we will let those papers out. Within 24 hours after the great anxiety under which we all labor is removed by assurance of settled improvement in the President. I think we can let those papers out."

"Are the papers very important?"

Attorney General—"Not at all, there is really nothing of any consequence in them, and I think the gentlemen of the press know about all there is in them."

"Or does the act of keeping these papers secret signify that you or others in authority, have any suspicion that Guitteau had any accomplice or confederate."

Ans.—By no means. It is clear to all minds, I think, that he had no confederate, that he was entirely alone in the crime.

The Western Associated Press Agent called upon District Attorney Corkhill, and asked him if he was ready to make the papers of Guitteau public.

He replied that it was not yet time for that.

He was then asked if he was keeping them a secret in the belief that somebody besides Guitteau was concerned in the assassination and with a view of hunting that out? He replied emphatically; "No," and adds that the authorities were entirely convinced that there was no conspiracy, that Guitteau had not a single confederate. He then said: "I will tell you in a few words my motive, my reason for withholding those papers from the public: It is at my instance that the Attorney-General consents to keep the secret for the present, and my only motive is that the publication of them would gratify the egotism of that d—d brute of an assassin, Guitteau. There, now, you have my only reason."

Col. Corkhill, like the Attorney General, said there was nothing of importance whatever in the papers, that they are of the same character as those published. The inference gathered by the reporter is that among the documents is Gitteau's attempted justification of his act, and that he rather exults over it and lauds himself as a hero Most thorough investigations show that Guiteau did not trust the secret to a soul.

THE PRESIDENT'S LAST LETTER

By a singular coincidence the last letter written by Pres Garfield before the shot, was addressed to his opponent in the last Presidential campaign, Maj Gen. Winfield S Hancock. It was dated Friday, and related to an appointment recently conferred upon Col Mitchell, one of Gen. Hancock's aides de camp. It was friendly and pleasant in tone, and could not but have pleased the recipient. The letter informed Gen. Hancock that Col. Mitchell had been appointed Assistant Adjutant General of the Army, and after apologizing for depriving the Generals staff of an excellent officer, concluded: "While your staff, General, loses an ornament, the army gains an Assistant Adjutant General of whom it may well feel proud."

ALL CONTINGENCIES PROVIDED FOR.

NEW YORK, July 7.—The Post's Washington special says it is said on good authority that a proclamation convening Congress in special session was prepared yesterday or earlier, signed by the President, to be issued in the event of his illness taking an unfavorable and necessarily fatal turn.

The object of this action, which it is said has been taken with the approval of the Cabinet and Vice President Arthur, is to provide against any possible contingency. The session would be called to elect a President of the Senate, pro tem., and a Speaker of the House of Representatives, and no miscellaneous business would be likely to be considered.

GUITTEAU'S FIRST APPLICATION.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Since the attempted assassination of the President, Mr. Judd, one of the latter's secretaries, has called to mind the fact that last Fall, soon after the October election, while the President was at Mentor, he received from the then unknown Charles Guitteau the following letter, dated New York City, and written upon letter head paper;

"FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

"DEAR GENERAL—I, Charles Guitteau, hereby make application for the Austrian mission. Being about to marry a wealthy and accomplished heiress of this City, we think that together we might represent this Nation with dignity and grace. On the principle of 'first come, first served,' I have faith that you will give this application favorable consideration.

"CHAS. GUITTEAU."

The letter was shown to Gen. Garfield rather as a curiosity than as a communication to be answered, and he several times afterward referred to it, humorously, as an illustration of unparalleled audacity and impudence.

DR. BOYNTON

arrived to-day from Ohio, and he will devote himself exclusively to Mrs. Garfield, who, it is feared, cannot stand the excitement much longer; though as yet she has stood it nobly.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

The Secretary of State has received resolutions of sympathy and condolence from the Common Council of the City of Norfolk, Va; the Merchants' Exchange, St. Louis; Baltimore Stock Exchange; the City Council of Wilkesbarre, Pa.; the County Court of Hamilton, Tenn., at Chattanooga; the Richmond Volunteer Rifle Company, Columbia, S. C.; the Town Council of Sumpter, S. C.; the Mayor and Council of the City of Newberne, N. C., and the Chemical and Fertilizer Exchange of Baltimore. Telegrams of sympathy have also been received from citizens of Newberry, S. C.; the Mayor of Fort Valley, Ga.; Mayor of Council Bluffs, Ia.; the veteran soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic of the State of New York, and many others.

PROOFS OF POPULARITY.

Proofs of the hold the President has upon the popular heart are abundant. Hundreds of persons from the North, South, East and West have come to Washington since Saturday in order that they may be near enough to hear the first news. Every train brings new arrivals.

HOW THE SICK ROOM IS KEPT COOL.

In order to relieve the President as far as possible from oppression caused by the intense heat, the attending physicians have put into operation a simple refrigerating apparatus which it is thought will render the atmosphere of his room much more comfortable than it has been. It consists of a number of troughs of galvanized iron about 10 inches in width and 14 feet in length, placed on the floor along the walls and filled with water and broken ice. Over these troughs, and corresponding with them in length, are suspended sheets of flannel, the lower edges of which are immersed in the ice water which fills the troughs. The water is absorbed and carried upward by capillary attraction in the flannel, as oil is in the wick of a lamp, until the sheets are saturated. This cold water, both by direct contact with the air and by rapid evaporation which takes place over the extended surface of the saturated flannels lowers the temperature of the room. It has made a very perceptible change, and it is thought that its utility will be still more clearly demonstrated.

VICE PRESIDENT ARTHUR

has been overpowered with dread that he might have to take the President's chair. He suffered intensely because of sharp criticism, and, in some cases, abuse of him in the newspapers, and he has felt that the President's recovery is the greatest boon he could enjoy.

GUITEAU'S MONEY ORDERS

It is now stated that the $25 received by Gitteau in a money order from New York came from the Equitable Life Insurance Company for some service he rendered. Every clue that was thought originally to tend to show that Gitteau had confederates has been followed up, and has been proved that nothing on which to base the theory of conspiracy. Everybody is now satisfied that Gitteau acted on his own responsibility.

GUITTEAU'S PISTOL.

It turns out that the pistol used by Guitteau was a cheap, common weapon, after all, and is self-cocking, and as it was so easy to shoot, many wonder he did not fire more shots. The pistol was bought from O'Meara on the 8th of June, for $10.

"NOTHING BUT SICKNESS."

Jimmie Garfield was present in the Secretary's room last night, and seemed more cheerful than ever. "I peeped into the sick room to-day," he said, "when they were dressing father's wound, but I could not stand it. I went out. None of us see papa to talk to him now, except mamma. It is getting awful hot in Washington now," he continued, "and we are all going away just as soon as papa gets well. We have had nothing but sickness since we came."

GUITTEAU'S STATEMENT.

District Attorney Corkhill says Guitteau has made a full statement of his crime to him. He adds: "The assassination was a cold-blooded, meditated attempt at murder by a man that knew what he was doing, and the consequence of his act. I have no question that the man is rational and sane."

FINE OLD WINES.

The storehouses of the whole country are open to the President. Large packages containing fine wines and liquors are received every day, and everybody who has some very old wine, whisky or brandy is sending it to the White House for "the use of the President." Some port wine 50 years old arrived this morning. One gentleman in sending his contribution of old wine said that he was a temperance man and the wine had been placed in the family cellar 30 years ago by his father and had not been touched since. He hoped the President would accept it and find it beneficial. The President will soon have a stock of fine old wines and liquors.

DO NOT BELIEVE IN GUITTEAU'S INSANITY.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 6.—The Taxpayers' Convention adopted resolutions scouting the insanity of the President's assassin as a myth, attributing his action to political disturbances, endorsing the acts of the President, and extending sympathy to him and his family.

The Greenback Central Club also denounced the assassination.

ARTHUR AND THE CABINET.

NEW YORK, July 6.—A Times Washington special says: "When the Times correspondent called upon Vice-President Arthur last evening, he found him closeted with Sec. Blaine. The conference lasted nearly an hour. Both gentlemen looked fresh, bright, and altogether different from yesterday and the day before. When this fact was mentioned to Gen. Arthur, he replied, with a smile: 'As the President gets better, I get better, too.'"

Blaine cheerfully answered a question as to what was new by saying, "The President is doing splendidly."

Since Gen. Arthur arrived in town, two or three members of the Cabinet have made it a practice to call on him at Sen. Jones' residence every morning and two or three others every evening. Sec. Blaine has not missed an evening, and his visits have lasted from 40 minutes to an hour.

THE GEORGIA LEGISLATURE.

ATLANTA, July 7.—The Georgia Legislature passed resolutions by a unanimous rising vote of both branches, expressing indignation at the attempted assassination of Pres. Garfield and denouncing the crime in the severest terms. The resolutions also expressed pride in American manhood, as illustrated by the President in his sufferings, and most cordial admiration of the fortitude of his wife under her severe trial.

Late telegrams indicating the recovery of the President caused great rejoicing here.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE LEGISLATURE.

CONCORD, July 7.—To Hon. J. G. Blaine: I am instructed by the Legislature of New Hampshire to transmit to you, to be communicated to the President and his family these joint resolutions, in the sentiment of which I most heartily concur:

"*Resolved*, That the people of New Hampshire and the Legislature have heard with the deepest sensibility and grief of the attempted assassination of the President of the United States; that we express our abhorrence of the causeless and atrocious crime of thus assailing the life of a President who by the brilliant, generous and patriotic administration of his high office, has made himself beloved by the whole people; that we utter our heartfelt entreaties of the All-wise Ruler of the Universe, that the stricken sufferer may soon be relieved from the physical pain and speedily restored in health and strength to his family, his friends and the Nation."

CHARLES H. BELL.

CONKLING THREATENED.

NEW YORK, July 6.—Hotels and clubs presented an empty appearance to-night, there being a general feeling of safety in regard to Pres. Garfield's condition.

Ex-Sen. Conkling remained in town, but his movements are not known. He left his room at 6 o'clock and had not returned at 10.30.

The following postal card was received at the hotel:

Proprietors Fifth Avenue Hotel:

GENTS:—We will hang Conkling to-night at 9 sharp.

COMMITTEE.
Guide Right, Forward.

THE LONDON "LANCET."

LONDON, July 8.—The Lancet, the leading medical journal of London says: "The accounts of the condition of Garfield, are, on the whole, satisfactory. They give reasonable ground for hope. There are, of course, many perils yet to be encountered; secondary internal hemorrhage may occur when the bullet is surgically or accidentally displaced; extensive inflammation or blood poisoning is possible, but looking at the case as a whole, and recalling the history of similar cases, it is impossible not to feel that a fairly good hope is permissible. It may be assumed that the course taken by the bullet must have been such as to avoid injury to the most important structures. It is scarcely possible that any large vessels can have been injured, and a hypothesis or complete severance or even of severe injury of the great nerves is not necessary to account for pains in the lower extremities. The liver, if wounded, can hardly have been extensively lacerated. If Garfield survives the perils of the next few days, and the bullet can be extracted, there can be no medical reason, at least arising out of the general character of his injuries, why he should not do well."

SHOULD BE KILLED LIKE A MAD DOG.

LONDON, July 8.—Dr. Buck, of the London Asylum, believes Guitteau to be in the full possession of his mental faculties, but a moral idiot, incapable of feeling any affection and utterly destitute of conscience; and he should be killed like a mad dog, as he is dangerous to be at large.

GEN. GRANT

Tells His Experience with Guiteau.

NEW YORK, July 7.—The World prints the following interview with Gen. Grant:

"What is your personal opinion, General, as to the chances of the President's recovery?"

"It is hard to express an opinion. Of course my hopes are all for a favorable result."

"Do you attach any political significance whatever to the shooting of the President?"

"Not the least in the world. It was simply the act of a lunatic who was disappointed because he could not get what he wanted. I have seen this fellow Guitteau several times. When I was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last Winter he sent a card to my room one day as coming from Chicago. My son was with me, and I asked him if he knew this Guitteau. 'Yes' he said, 'he is a sort of lawyer and deadbeat in Chicago. Don't let him come up. If you do he will bore you to death.' I sent down word that I would not see him. After that he sent his card up frequently, sometimes every day for several days in succession, and I always returned the same reply that I would not see him. Sometimes he waylaid me on the street or in the corridor of the hotel, when I was passing through, but I would not talk to him. Finally, he wrote me a letter saying that he wanted me to help him obtain the appointment as Minister to Austria, that he was about to marry a woman in New York worth a million dollars, and that if he was appointed Minister he could support the position with proper dignity. He further said he had the support of Henry Ward Beecher, Gen. Shearman, and others whom I have forgotten. I paid no attention to the letter. Soon after he sent his card up again. I sent back the same answer as always before, that I would not see him. He followed the waiter up when he took the card, however, saw where my room was, and when he got my answer came to the door and knocked. Supposing it to be a servant, I said, 'Come in.' When he entered I knew him at once, and said to him, 'I said I would not see you.' 'All I want,' said he, 'is your name. I don't want to trouble you to write anything at all.' 'But I don't know you,' I said, and I won't give you my name for any purpose whatever.' I never saw him afterward."

"In the event of Pres. Garfield's death, do you care to express an opinion as to the political result?"

"Nothing that I can see, except to disappoint, seriously disappoint, some men who want office. The places they want will be filled by men equally as competent. As to Gen. Arthur, the shameful and villainous manner in which he has been slandered by the bitter newspapers known as the half breed press has given many of the people the idea that he is a monster. The trouble is that he is but little known to the people generally. I know him to be a man of common sense and clear headed, with good associates and a man of integrity."

In conclusion Gen. Grant spoke most feelingly of Pres. Garfield, and by voice and manner, as well as in words, showed the intense sincerity of his desire for the recovery of the President.

GEN. HANCOCK'S OPINION.

The Crime Undoubtedly the Work of a Man Crazed by Politics.

NEW YORK, July 5.—Gen. Hancock said to-day to a Tribune reporter:

"It was assuredly the act of a lunatic, or a man driven into a crazed condition by politics. The latter is probably a true description of his condition. It is the natural result of a strong political faction. It is an outcome of the state of affairs which has been developing in the country through factional animosity. There are minds so constituted and naturally excitable, which, when worked upon by passion and intense feeling are driven into this condition. This man is evidently of that class. It would be absurd to suppose that he was at all connected with any one else—in other words, that there was any conspiracy. The man acted on his own responsibility. In the case of the assassination of Lincoln, the excitement had been running high upon the issues of the war and the Southern people were embittered, yet Booth acted on his own responsibility, although his act was an outgrowth of the excitement of the time.

"Do you think this act is possibly a phase of Nihilism?'

"I know nothing about it. I have paid no attention to the question. I do not suppose it is anything of the kind, although I have no opinion to express upon the matter. It is simply an unfortunate fact that the President of the United States has been shot in open day."

"Do you recall the attempted shooting of Jackson?"

"Yes, but only generally. Comparisons of that kind are not desirable. Even in drawing parellels in the case of Presidents Lincoln and Garfield I dare say I went to far. In many respects there was a marked difference in the circumstances."

"In case of the President's death, do you think it will have any bearing with reference to the Southern people?"

"I can not say. I do not wish to discuss it. The Southern people have nothing to do with this matter more than the North. The prejudices of the war are dying out, and there is no further occasion for bringing forward the subject. In case of the death of Gen. Garfield I have no idea of what Gen. Arthur would do. There is no need for speculation. It is merely a waste of time."

THE ASSASSIN.

What District Attorney Corkhill Has to Say About Him.

WASHINGTON, July 8.—District Attorney Corkhill says no action will be taken regarding Guiteau's case till the result of the President's wound is finally determined. Referring to papers taken from Guiteau, Col. Corkhill is reported in the Star to have said: "These papers are not so very important. The only important thing I have is a full detailed history of the crime from its inception to its culmination, which I believe is accurately correct. That in due time will be given to the public. I will say in addition I think it exceedingly cruel considering the fevered state of the public mind on this subject and the horror with which every man regards the assassin, that any man's name should be mentioned in connection with him. He is an egotistical, presuming, dishonest man, attempting to borrow money of people, claiming acquaintance with persons whom he only knew by the fact of his going to them, speaking of persons as his friends whom he had no acquaintance with at all, attempting to obtain money by representing himself as a man of great great political influence both here and in New York. To mention the names of these citizens in connection with this man at this time is improper and unjust. While everybody who has known anything about this man at all has been perfectly willing to detail to me his entire relations with Guitteau, still there is scarcely one of them but had requested that his name be kept from the public.

"The statement to which I refer is a detailed statement of the crime: why it was done, when it was done, and just how it was done, given to me by the prisoner himself after I had told him certain facts I had obtained. I then got from him what I believe is the correct statement. He was so solicitous about its being correct that he even sent a messenger to me to return to jail, as he wanted to say to me something that had escaped his memory. He was afraid I would learn it somewhere else, and then think he had concealed something from me. There is necessarily and very properly great anxiety on the part of everybody to learn the minutest detail in connection with the commission of this crime. I am met on the streets, people come to my residence day and night; I have not a minute's leisure in my office. I have said but very little, but I think it proper to say there are no startling revelations that will be developed from present indications; that the assassination was a cold blooded, meditated attempt at murder by a man that knew what he was doing and the consequence of his act. I have no question that the man is rational and sane.

EX-SEN. CONKLING

Discourses to a Reporter on the Assassin's Work.

NEW YORK, July 6.—Ex Sen. Conkling being asked his opinion of the situation and the way some newspapers are disposed to treat it, said: "The assault upon Pres. Garfield is an astounding assault upon the Nation. The shot fired by a madman is a shot fired at all of us. No language can overstate the enormity of the deed. There is, however, no occasion for public apprehension or excitement. Our fathers foresaw even such a dire possibility and provided for it. The Constitution points out just what shall be done in just such an emergency. The Vice President on the death of the President instantly succeeds and the Government goes on as if no such change had occurred. In this case the Vice-President is an upright, brave, able man, abundantly qualified for the great trust which Providence may have in store for him. In his hands no harm will come to the public interests. He is thoroughly patriotic. To strive to array hostility or distrust against him at such an hour is unspeakably wicked and treasonable. No patriot, whatever his politics, can do anything now until the shadow passes by, but bear up the hands of the Vice President. This is the Constitution, and law abiding people of the country will all unite in doing so. He will have the prayers of all good men and women. Assassination, whether by hostiles or newspapers, will be stamped out by the American people with righteous and indignant accord. There being no President of the Senate and no Speaker of the House, the Vice President is the one safeguard and reliance of the country against uncertainty and chaos; and lost indeed to wisdom and virtue must be the American who would increase the anger or perturbation at such a time.

"Sad and deplorable as the crime is, it is the glory and safety of our free institutions that the madman's act cannot reach beyond the individual at whom he aims. The Government belongs to the people and will go on peacefully. Even in a trial like this, grief and horror must pervade all hearts, meanwhile as when death strikes the head of a family, the survivors must manfully proceed. So when the head of the Government falls the composure and duty still remain to the Nation and to all its citizens. Mourning as we all do, each man has his part of fortitude and firmness, and the same sense and wisdom which led this people through former perils will no be wanting now. Instead of bitterness and treasonable calamity, this is the time for the American people to cultivate peace and good will, strengthen and brighten the links which bind them together. Civilization will not halt or stumble because Providence has demented one poor creature, nor because ferocious and atrocious falsehood has for a time attempted to bewilder the public senses."

Ex-Sen. Conkling remained in the City in the afternoon, going down town on a business visit. It was rumored that Gen. Grant visited the City and had a conference with Conkling. The report could not be verified. The ex Senator will not leave Town for some time. He denied having received private dispatches from Washington, and asked for the news, expressing hope for the President's recovery.

BEECHER ON THE TRAGEDY.

He Preaches from the Text, "Lord, Make Me Know Mine End and the Measure of My Days."

NEW YORK, June 6.—In his opening prayer Rev. Henry Ward Beecher exclaimed with great fervency: "O Lord! there is a dark shadow hanging over this land of ours. The Chief Magistrate of our Nation has been stricken by the hand of an assassin, and his life is hanging by a single thread. If our President must die, let the people be strengthened to sustain the great loss with a firm belief in the truth that all is for the best."

The pastor prefaced his sermon by saying: "Let us be thankful that this attempt upon the life of the President has not grown out of sectional hatred or party strife—that it did not result from the plotting of traitors or a premeditated determination in which more than one person was concerned. Thank Heaven, it was not a sane man who fired the shot. If Pres. Garfield dies we have the consolation (if it may be called by that name) of knowing that his assassin was a lunatic.

"In this calamity that has befallen the American people, Democrats and Republicans sympathize with each other. All the strife of the late hotly contested political campaign is forgotten. James A. Garfield is a Christian President, over a Christian people, and as such his record will be handed down in history. He may have his faults. Who among us is without fault?"

The text was from Psalms: "Lord, make me know mine end and the measure of my days." Said Mr. Beecher: "King David made this exclamation from his heart. He had a yearning to know the sum—the result—of the wild turmoil of this wearisome life. We know that our days on earth are few at the most, and let us fill them with a full measure of duty. Whether our station be high or low, our responsibility to God is all the same. The sun rose yesterday morning bright and beautiful, and the man who is at the head of the Nation was full of health and vigor, and there was apparently before him a long life of activity and usefulness. To-day he lies prone upon a bed of suffering, and the lamp of his life is in danger of being extinguished by the slightest breeze.

"Twice within less than a score of years has the hand of the assassin been raised against the Chief

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

Bismarck is 68 years old.

King Alfonso and court have gone to La Granja.

The Suez Canal earned over $8,000,000 last year.

Sec. Evarts' son wrote the class ode at Harvard this year.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has 5,500 members in his pastoral care.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte's new paper is called La Napoleon.

A revised New Testament in the Welsh language is under way.

The Austrian harvest promises to be fully up to the average.

Commodore Vanderbilt's widow will pass the summer at Saratoga.

King Kalagua, of the Sandwich Islands, has arrived in London.

Congressman Hendricks Wright, of Pennsylvania, is dangerously ill.

It is rumored that the reason of the Empress of Russia is dethroned.

Remains of a mastodon have been found in Winnebago County, Ills.

Dumas has received $45,000 from the Theater Francaise the past six years.

An exodus of 100 women from Holyoke, Mass., to the Far West is preparing.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, it is again reported, is coming to this country this Summer.

The Pall Mall Gazette thinks a financial crisis is approaching in the United States.

Humble bees have been imported into New Zealand for the fertilization of red clover.

In raising a house at Phillips, Me., the timbers gave way and 10 men were badly injured.

The death is announced of Rev. John Cumming, D. D., minister of the Scotch church, in his 71st year.

A strawberry measuring 7¼ inches in circumference is one of the wonders of the season in Auburn, N. Y.

The recent death at Albany of John T. Saxe, son of the poet, leaves but one child of the family remaining.

An infernal machine was accidentally discovered among the letters in the Ottumwa, Ia., postoffice the other day.

Charles Jules Guiteau is the full name of the assassin, which will go down to infamy with that of John Wilkes Booth.

At a picnic party near Norwich, on the Fourth, 60 persons were poisoned by coffee prepared in copper kettles. No deaths.

In future French navy officers and seamen may grow beards and mustache. Mustaches without beards are still prohibited.

Horace White, formerly of the Chicago *Tribune*, and now of the New York *Evening Post*, has bought for $10,000 two and a half acres of ground at Long Branch.

Five small Turkish iron-clads have been sent to Tripoli to maintain order among the Arabs, and, if necessary, to make an armed protest against French invasion.

There was a marked improvement in the New York stock market to day, and the Post says business is fast settling back to its condition before the attempted assassination.

Guiteau lectured in Springfield, O., about four years ago, and left his coat at the printing office to secure payment for some handbills. He "jumped" his board and left his coat in pawn.

Fourteen years ago Thaddeus Stevens made a will giving $60,000 for the erection of a refuge for homeless orphans in Lancaster, Pa., but no steps to secure the bequest were taken until last week.

The incendiary firecracker came near destroying the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern elevator at Albion. Luckily the flames were discovered and extinguished before serious damage was done.

A Philadelphia guardian charged $500 for administrating an estate of $400. The ward was a girl, and he wanted her to pay him the difference out of her own earnings. The court cut down his bill to $85.

Mrs. Charles Carr, of Buffalo, N. Y., will file a claim at New Orleans to the estate of John Burnside, the millionaire planter, who died recently at White Sulphur Springs, Va. She claims to be next of kin.

The Davenport (Iowa) Gazette says that J. Wilson Guiteau, whom the would-be assassin of Garfield claims as a brother, married in that City in 1869 a sister of J. N. Tyner, First Assistant Postmaster General.

The crops in Nebraska are generally in very excellent condition. The weather is all that can be desired, and if it continues favorable the yield of 1881 will be unprecedented, and far exceed any year in the history of Nebraska.

Great attention is being paid to the presence of Minister of Worship Vongoessler at Kissinge with Bismarck. It is expected a firm and friendly understanding will shortly be arsived at between Bismarck and the Vatican.

There have been $104,284,650 coupon five per cent. bonds received at the Treasury Department to date for continuance at 3½ per cent. A number of packages containing large amounts of these bonds which were forwarded previous to the 1st inst., have not yet been received.

Episcopal Bishop Harris of Michigan, a former Confederate soldier, delivered the baccalaureate sermon before the University of Alabama Sunday last, before an immense congregation. Bishop Harris graduated at the University of Alabama in 1850.

In 1781 the Emperor Paul of Russia deposited in the Imperial Chapel at Gatschina his political will, with directions that it be opened after the lapse of 100 years. The time for the revelation has arrived, and the curious ceremony is to take place in the presence of the Emperor and his Ministers, on the 10th inst.

The People's Bank of Kentucky, one of the oldest State institutions, after having been in liquidation for several years, has reorganized under highly favorable auspices, and resumed business. George H. Moore, President, and James H. Hulur, Cashier—the latter officer having been cashier of the bank the last 19 years.

Guiteau, who has suddenly acquired fame in much the same style as Erostratus, was the hero of two libel suits—having sued the New York *Herald* for $100,000 and the Chicago *Tribune* for $20,000 for calling him a fraud. They proved it in both instances, and Guiteau was compelled to leave New York on account of the showing up of the *Herald*.

Gen. John E. Smith, of Galena, Ill., has been retired as Colonel of the Fourteenth Regiment of Regulars, which has been stationed for some time at Fort Douglas, near Salt Lake City. He retires to private life on two-thirds pay, in accordance with a law providing for the retirement of officers at the age of 60 years. Gen. Smith's pay hereafter will be about $4,000 per annum.

The auction sale of the personal effects of the late Vice President Wilson at Natick, Mass., was held last Friday and Saturday, only fair prices, as a rule, being obtained. His library, containing many volumes presented to him by the authors, was disposed of. Among the autograph letters sold were one from Mr. John G. Whittier upon the death of Sumner, and one from Sen. Sumner, thanking Mr. Wilson for his support in his re-election to the Senate.

At a meeting of the Land League of Dublin Mr. Sexton said funds were still flowing in from America, but aid from there must depend upon enthusiasm, and will be fluctuating. The time might come when they would have to consider the advisability of asking from each farmer a percentage of the abatement which he had obtained through the operations of the Land League. There must be a voluntary and extensive national levy.

The Garfield fund now reaches $134,000.

The insurrection in Algeria is said to be increasing

The creditors of Mrs. Howe's Womans' bank will receive five cents on the dollar.

The St. Louis merchants have subscribed $10,000 to the Cotton Exposition fund at Atlanta.

A California girl of 10 performs all the feats with a rifle that Carver, Paine and Frayne have made familiar.

All foreign Governments have sent messages to Washington inquiring as to the President's condition.

Two battalions of Turkish troops have been routed by insurgents near Mecca. It is stated that 250 Turks were killed.

Wm. Brown, the well-known jockey and breeder on Lorillard's stock farm, died Thursday morning, aged 52 years.

The old Lyman Beecher house at Litchfield Conn., has been moved and added to a private institution for the insane.

It is said 100,000 spectators are present at Windsor Park to day, to witness Queen Victoria review the 52,000 volunteers.

Garibaldi has raised this season a large crop of potatos and cabbages on his little island of Caprera, which he distributes to the poor of Leghorn.

D. O. Mills, of San Francisco, gives $75,000 to the University of California to endow a chair of intellectual and moral philosophy and civil polity.

About $12,000 has been subscribed in Chicago for the Mrs. Garfield fund, mostly in small amounts. John B. Drake telegraphs a $1 000 contribution.

Sunday after noon, Joseph Hettles, of Cincinnati, was struck in the head with a hammer by Frank Ladwick at Findlay street market house and mortally injured.

A St. Louis man has been fined $1 and costs of prosecution for jerking a boy out of a seat in a horse car for the benefit of a lady passenger who was standing.

Hon. Wm. A. Wheeler has repeated his last year's gift of $500 to the Malone schools, to be distributed during the ensuing year to students making the best record.

A special from Omaha says ex-Sen. P. W. Hitchcock died there yesterday from over-exertion in the sun. He was a class-mate of Gen. Garfield at Williams College.

At Montreal, Sunday, John Withaus' boot and shoe factory burned. Loss, $60,000. Joseph Towers was killed by a falling wall and John Smith fatally injured, both firemen.

During a thunder storm last evening lightning struck a barn in Decatur, Ala., where a number of people had sought refuge. Four were killed outright and eight seriously injured.

The Rev. J. B. Kerfoot, bishop of the Pittsburg diocese of the Episcopal Church, died Sunday afternoon at Myersdale, Somerset County, Pa., after a prolonged illness, the result of a complication of diseases.

The "Mr. Thomas," who, at a recent sale in London, paid an aggregate sum of $100,000 for four works of Landseer, Stanfield and Millais, is understood to be Mr. Holloway, the proprietor of the patent medicines.

A dispatch from Rome says: "Two French pilgrimages fixed for August and September have been postponed, at the instance of the Pope, on account of the feeling between the French and Italians. A hostile demonstration is feared."

No boat from any point south of Memphis will be allowed to land at that port after the 26th inst. without complying with the local quarantine ordinance. This requires all boats without exception to stop at the foot of President's Island for inspection.

The death sentence of the alleged murderers of the Sultan Abdul Aziz has been commuted to banishment to Arabia. This strengthens the idea that their trial was merely a political measure, and that the evidence against them—the testimony of tortured slaves—was not fully believed.

A special from the City of Mexico announces that a church roof fell in San Matto Tuesday last, killing over 50 people, mosly women, some of whom were worshipping. Twenty men who were working on the roof were killed and several fatally hurt.

Officer William Mitchell, of Chicago, who found a waif last Monday, created a considerable sensation by christening it in Court as Charles J. Guiteau. The indignation has become so great that the infant's name will be changed, and he relieved of the incubus of so discreditable an appellation.

Following are some of the statistics of Ohio for the year ending June 30: Judicial indictments found, 1,625; persons included, 1,910; convictions, 852; social marriages, 27,865; births, 62,422; divorce cases brought, 2,847; divorces granted, 1,578; naturalizations, 4,084; pauperism, number supported, 43,173.

A house engaged in the watch trade at Lachaux de Tonde sent by post a case of watches worth £400 to a consignee in Bulgaria, and insured them against loss for £6,000. They bribed the Bulgarian Postoffice to steal them, and then claimed the insurance. The fraud was discovered, and the shipper of the watches and Postoffic clerk arrested.

A Paris correspondent says excellent accounts of all crops have been received from the provinces. The great wheat-growing regions count on a good average crop and as far as an opinion can yet be formed, this year's vintage will be one of the best for 15 years. Advices from Salin are contradictory, but the favorable reports predominate.

Two Texans traveling through Arkansas stopped at the home of Thomas Holder to buy corn for their horses. Holder not being at home, the negro in charge refused to sell any corn, but the strangers helped themselves, and tossing the negro some change rode on. On Holder's return, he was told of the circumstance, and securing the assistance of a neighbor he followed the Texans, overtook them in the evening, shot one dead and captured the other. The Magistrate refused to try the prisoner, and he was turned loose.

A Portland, Oregon, dispatch says: "It has just been ascertained that the youngest daughter of William Morgan, who it is claimed was put out of the way for having divulged Masons' secrets many years ago, is living in this State. She is quite an elderly lady, and is the wife of Capt. William Smith. They both reside in Marion County. Mrs. Smith says her father was drowned by five men, who took him one night into the lake. She states that one of the five men who assisted in the drowning for many years resided in Portland, Oregon, but is now dead."

A dispatch from Grapeland, Tex., says: I. M. Williams came to town to day, rode to the rear of the store of Irs Reals, and accosted him with the words, "Howdy. I've been hunting you all morning, and God d—n you, I'm going to kill you." Suiting the action to the word he fired, part of the load entering the left side, the remainder passing into the room, killing John Kent, wounding Garrett and grazing another man. Williams and Kent were suitors for the same young lady. Williams reported that he intended killing the young lady, and then committing suicide.

William Inman, who died near Liverpool, Eng., Saturday, was the founder of the line of ocean steamers that bears his name. He introduced reforms in the method of transporting emigrants, and sent the first passenger steamer propelled by a screw across the Atlantic. This was the "City of Glasgow." He also inaugurated the system of having North Atlantic steamers touch at Queenstown. The only disaster which has happened to the line since Mr. Inman became connected with it 30 years ago was the loss of the "City of Boston," with all hands, in 1870. The last Inman steamer, the "City of Rome," is next to the "Great Eastern" in size,

There were 210 deaths in Cincinnati last week.

Justice Clifford, of the United States Supreme Court, is dangerously ill.

J. M. Dana, an old attorney of Athens, O., died from a stroke of paralysis Sunday.

The pork-packing at Chicago since the close of the winter season is estimated at 1,353 000 hogs.

Gov. Cornell is mentioned as being very industrious, working 10 hours a day and sometimes 15.

Mr. Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, has given Mr. Swift, the astronomer of that city, a $1,000 spectroscope.

Griscom finished his task of fasting 45 days at noon. He now proposes to fill up and start on a lecturing tour.

During the week ended the 8th inst. 23 deaths occurred at Havana from yellow fever, and five from small pox.

Albert Meben, of Cincinnati, has been arrested, charged with setting fire to a house in which his wife lived, they having parted.

It is now quite certain the Sultan will commute the death sentence of the alleged murderers of Abdul Aziz and banish them to a remote place.

The Illinois State Board of Health propose, as a means of checking small-pox, to examine emigrants arriving in the State, and to vaccinate all those who have not been already operated upon.

Thus far the sum of $1,400 has been subscribed by public officials and friends in Chicago to a fund for the benefit of the family of the late Officer Tim O'Mahoney, recently shot while arresting a criminal.

John Letting, a German farmer living about six miles from Corning, Clay Co., Ark., was called to his door Saturday night by four disguised men, who shot at him several times, inflicting dangerous wounds. Cause unknown.

Prince Bismarck has given, says the London Globe, a reluctant assent to the marriage of his son Herbert to the Princess Caiolath. This lady is described as very handsome, and gifted with all the accomplishments of her race, the Hatzfelds.

King Kalakaua intends to visit the Blue Grass region on his way home to his Kingdom, and will be the guest of Gen. Withers, at Lexington. His Majesty is fond of handsome horses, and has purchased several from Gen. Withers.

Talmadge E. Sparks, dealer in real estate and other ventures, including the Chicago starch works, which he helped to build in 1876, has failed. Liabilities, $80 000; assets, $365,000, of which the greater part is uncollectable claims, suits in court, etc.

William Schroder mysteriously disappeared from his home in Fort Wayne last Wednesday. Sunday his body was found hanging to a tree near the City limits. The death of his wife and pecuniary embarrassment are assigned as the cause for the suicide.

Mr. Parkhurst, one of Mrs. Sprague's counsel, has lost the use of one eye through the rupture of a small blood vessel in it, and he is in danger of losing the sight of the other eye. While he is in this precarious condition, nothing can be done with the divorce suit.

Mr. William C. Henry, the brother-in-law of Lieut. Fitch, who married Gen. W. T. Sherman's daughter Minnie, was robbed of a diamond breast pin worth $1 500 in Troy on Tuesday afternoon. The diamond was from the necklace sent to Mrs. Fitch by the Khedive of Egypt.

A little son of James Cowley, of Vanburen, Co., Mich., aged four years, was playing in a wheat field Sunday unnoticed by his father, who was driving a reaper. The little fellow was struck by the machine, which severed his right leg twice below the knee, and cutting the left in a fearful manner.

The police have seized nearly all the leading Vienna journals for publishing a resolution passed by the constitutionists belonging to a German club. The resolution was not an attack on the Taafe ministry, but only an expression of general feeling in regard to the arrogance of the Czechs and their menaces against Germans.

Fowler Bros have been mulcted in a contest before an arbitration committee of the New York Produce Exchange in the sum of $19,245. The question was whether a June contract for 2,000 tierces of "choice lard stearine" called for "winter pressed" or summer pressed lard. The firm claimed the former, the purchasers the latter, and won.

The statue to Robert Fulton, which is to be placed by Pennsylvania in the House of Representatives at Washington, will be the work of Mr. Howard Roberts, of Philadelphia. It represents Fulton in the dress and with the surroundings of a workingman, intent in studying a small mechanical model held in his right hand. Dr. Muhlenberg is the second Pennsylvanian selected as the subject for a national statue. The sculptor is Miss Blanche Nevin, of Lancaster.

Mrs. Tyner, wife of the First Assistant Postmaster General, was too ill to remain at Atlantic City where she went a few weeks since, and therefore returned with her husband to Washington, where she has been quite prostrated. The General accompanied her there again Saturday, hoping she may remain and take advantage of sea bathing. Her sister, Miss Hynes, will remain with her after Gen. Tyner's return to the department.

ARMOUR'S WILL.

The Document Admitted to Probate.

Chicago, July 11.—The will of the late George Armour has been admitted to probate. It is dated January 19, 1880 and the estate is valued at $3,500,000. His widow and Ebenezer Buckingham, William Dickenson and Alexander Geddes are appointed executrix and executors. He bequeaths to his wife all the household personal property, together with $100,000, the dwelling house at No. 945 Prairie avenue and all the policies of insurance of his life. To Annie G., Jessie W. and Cecilia H. Armour, daughters of his brother James, and Robert and Annie, children of his brother Archibald, he leaves $5,000 each. The residue of his estate is left to his executors in trust to be kept together until his eldest child if a son, attains the age of 25 years, and if a daughter the age of 22 years, when it shall be equally divided for the joint benefit of his widow and surviving children. The elevator property is excluded from this division, but is to be managed for the benefit of the estate.

NATIONAL BANKS.

The Money They May Deposit in the 5 Per Cent. Fund.

Washington, July 11.—The Secretary of the Treasury submitted to the Attorney General a question as to whether National banks should be permitted to deposit any lawful money other than greenbacks to the credit of the 5 per cent. fund which is required to be kept at all times in the Treasury for the redemption of circulating notes of banks, and also the question whether or not holders of National bank notes have a right to demand redemption thereof in legal tender notes, or whether they may be redeemed by the Treasurer in gold or silver coin. A decision covering the two latter points has been prepared, and is awaiting the approval of the Attorney General. The decision holds that gold and silver may be deposited for redemption of circulating notes, and that it may also be paid out of the United States Treasury in the redemption of National bank notes. The assessments on capital and deposits of banks other than National during the last fiscal year were considerably in excess of those of the previous year. The excess in May, 1881, over November, 1880, amounted to $285,176, or 13.8 per cent., and in May, 1881, over May, 1880, to $469,997, or 19 4 per cent.

The art connoisseur and exhibitor, Prof. Cromwell, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.—*Norfolk Virginian.*

AFFAIRS AT ALBANY.

Result of the Caucus—Miller and Lapham Nominated.

Effort by the Stalwarts to Have Another Caucus Called.

Albany, July 8.—The Republican legislative caucus met in the Assembly Chamber at 4.50 P. M. Phillips called the caucus to order and nominated Alvord for Chairman, which was carried amid long and continued applause. He briefly addressed the caucus in behalf of harmony and unity. Senator Loomis and Assemblyman Law were appointed Secretaries, the roll was called, and 15 Senators and 49 Assemblymen answered their names. The caucus agreed that the two candidates chosen be taken from the two principal divisions of the Republican party, that no less than 54 votes be required to nominate a candidate; that the caucus first fill the long term, and that unless two candidates are nominated no nomination be binding.

The caucus then proceeded to nominate a candidate for United States Senate in place of Thomas C. Platt, resigned. Sen. Woodin read a letter of Chauncey M. Depew, withdrawing from the contest in which was said: "A great crime has plunged the Nation into sorrow and in the midst of the prayers and tears of the whole people, supplicating for the recovery, and weeping over the wounds of the President, this partisan strife should cease. A contingency not contemplated when this State left the Senate, renders the presence of the New York Representatives imperative should Congress be called together."

The caucus then proceeded to vote to fill the long term vacancy, with the following result:

Combined vote—Wheeler, 22; Cornell, 2; Miller, 27; Crowley, 1; Rogers, 9; Tremaine, 1; Evarts, 2; Davis, 2; Conkling, 1.

After the fifth ballott Wheeler's name was withdrawn and Warner Miller received 62 votes and was declared the nominee. The nomination of Miller was made unanimous, with three cheers for the candidate.

The caucus then proceeded to nominate a candidate for the short term with the following result:

Combined vote—Lapham, 38; Cornell, 12; Crowley, 5; Tremaine, 10; Wads worth, 1.

On the second ballot, Tremaine's name having been withdrawn, Elbridge G. Lapham was declared unanimously nominated amid cheers. The caucus then adjourned.

The Administration members feel confident of electing the two candidates they nominated this afternoon. They claim to have promises from several members who have been voting for Conkling that they will vete for Miller and Lapham. The Stalwarts in conference to night resolved to stand firmly by Conkling and Crowley.

WHY DEPEW RESIGNED.

Mr. Woodin's withdrawal of Depew's name was a genuine surprise to the greater part of the Convention, although it has been intimated for some days that he contemplated such a step. His friends' explanation of his course in resigning is simply that he saw that, being the leading Administration candidate from the first, he naturally had incurred the special enmity of the Stalwarts. Realizing this fact, and believing they would stand out against him where they might not against a man who had fought them less pluckily and persistently, he withdrew in the interest of harmony.

Albany, July 9.—For the short term combined vote—Potter, 50; Conkling, 31; Lapham, 67; Wheeler, 1. No choice.

For the long term—Combined vote—Miller, 68; Kernan, 50; Wheeler, 19; Adams, 3; Chapman, 2; Cornell, 1; Bliss, 1; Starin, 1; Rogers, 4. No choice. The Convention adjourned.

LAPHAM AND MILLER.

Elbridge G. Lapham, of Canandaigua, was born at Farmington, N. Y., October 18, 1814; was brought up on a farm, attending the Winter public schools, and was subsequently at the Canandaigua Academy, where he was a classmate of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas; studied civil engineering, and was employed on the Michigan Southern Railroad Line; afterward studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1844, and has since practiced at Canandaigua; was a member of the Constitutional Convention of New York in 1867; was elected to the Forty fourth and Forty fifth Congresses, and was re-elected to the Forty sixth Congress as a Republican, receiving 12,270 votes against 10,232 votes for Pierpont, Democrat and Greenbacker, 24 votes for Howell, Prohibitionist, and 38 scattering votes; member of the present Congress.

Warner Miller, of Herkimer, was born in Oswego County, New York, August 12th, 1838; graduated at Union College in 1860; commenced teaching in the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, but on the breaking out of the war enlisted as private in the Fifth New York Cavalry; served in the Shenandoah Valley; was promoted to be Sergeant-Major and Lieutenant; was taken prisoner at the battle of Winchester, and is a member of the present Congress.

TALKING BUSINESS.

Albany, July 11.—The following appeal has been sent from the Joint Caucus Committee to the Chairman and members of the Republican Caucus Committees of the Senate and Assembly:

Gentlemen: The undersigned Committee, appointed for the purpose at a meeting of the Republican members of the Legislature, respectfully request the Republican Caucus Committee of the Senate and Assembly to unite in a call for a caucus of the Republican members of the Legislature, to be held at such time as said Committee shall name for the purpose of nominating two candidates to be voted for to fill the vacancies in the United States Senate occasioned by the resignations of Hon. Roscoe Conkling and Hon. Thomas C. Platt. No caucus of Republican members of the Legislature has as yet been called by the usual and recognized method. The protracted contest over the filling of the vacancies above referred to has made it clear that no settlement of this question can be reached which will at once secure the acquiescence of all in its results, restore harmony to the party and preserve the integrity of its organization, except by a strict compliance with party usages. We firmly believe that any doctrine or rule of action which attempts to go wide the party conduct, except that which recognizes the control of the majority and a free opportunity for participation of all will necessarily prove fatal to the organization of the party in the State and Nation.

On behalf of those whom we represent we are led to ask for a caucus on the additional ground that the interests of the Republican party require the organization of the House of Representatives in Congress in the interest of the party shall not be endangered by the election of members of the present Congress to fill the above mentioned Senatorial vacancies. Such a danger is threatened in the proposition to elect to these vacancies Messrs. Lapham and Miller, two members of the present Congress. There is no provision under existing laws for filling vacancies which would occur from the election of these gentlemen to the office of United States Senators, except at the next general election, the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November, which will be the 8th day of November.

[The law is then quoted to show that the election might be completed before Congress meets to organize.]

But these proceedings may all be stayed and restrained indefinitely by the presentation to the Supreme Court of single affidavits alleging error in the determination of any Board of County Canvassers; the pretense of a contest, or the refusal of the Democratic Clerk of the House to place their names upon the roll, or any of a score of other devices to which the wily foe will not hesitate to resort, will suffice to secure the organization of the House of Representatives by the Democratic party.

These, we think, are considerations which should receive attention in a full and free caucus of Republican members of the Legislature.

Edwin. G. Halbert,
Robert H Strahan,
H. H. Tuthill,
T. W. Cullinan,
H. J. Hurd,
Committee.

The following response has been sent to the Committee of Stalwarts, asking the joint caucus committee to call a caucus:

State of New York,
Senate Chamber,
Albany, N. Y., July 11, 1881.

Gentlemen—Your communication dated this day, addressed to me as Chairman of the Senate caucus committee, is received, and I hasten to reply. Early in the Senatorial canvass an effort was made to secure a caucus of Republican members of the Legislature for the purpose of nominating two candidates for United States Senator in place of Roscoe Conkling and Thomas C. Platt, resigned, but for reasons then publicly stated the committee on the part of the Senate declined to unite in such a call. Since that time 67 Republican members of the Senate and Assembly united in calling a caucus, and in the call which they issued every Republican member of the Legislature was urgently solicited to attend the same; and what is unusual, personal notice was given all those not uniting in the call, of the time and place of meeting. Such was the only method left for a convention of Republican members, after the refusal of the joint committee to unite in the call for a caucus, and such is the method usually adopted, and which, during the present session of the Legislature, has twice received the sanction of each of the gentlemen of your committee. In pursuance of that call a caucus was held, which was attended by 68 Republican members of the Senate and Assembly, being nearly two-thirds of the entire Republican representation. At that caucus candidates to fill the vacancies created by the resignations of Conkling and Platt were duly nominated. There has been no complaint made that the proceedings were in any respect unfair. It was open to every Republican member of the Legislature, and in the call of the roll the name of each and every Republican member was called. The nominees severally received the unanimous approval of the caucus. In view of these facts a majority of the Senate committee decline to reopen the question of candidates on the ground that the committee has no power in the premises. The power to call joint caucus for nominating candidates for United States Senators has been exercised by superior authority and is exhausted. If the committee were to assume authority to call another caucus it would be an act of usurpation, and would lead to complications much more embarrassing than any which have hindered our efforts to discharge an obvious public duty. The objections which you are pleased to urge against the candidacy of Messrs. Miller and Lapham, because they chance to be Representatives in Congress, was duly considered in the joint Assembly, and later in the public press, and are not deemed of sufficient importance to justify the hazardous experiment of retiring candidates, who have been fairly nominated, and concerning whose fitness no doubt has been suggested.

Very respectfully,
D. McCarthy, Chairman.

To Messrs. E. G. Halbert, R. H Strahan, H. H. Tuthill, P. W. Cullinan, H. J. Hurd, Committee.

GRANT AND WHEELER.

New York, July 12.—A Post's Albany special says it is whispered about that the Stalwarts are considering the feasibility of putting forth Grant and Wheeler for the vacancies.

Private telegrams to the City say that the Kingston Freeman, hitherto a strong Conkling paper, at the home of Speaker Sharpe, will come out this afternoon advocating the election of Miller and Lapham in the interest of peace and harmony.

A RAY OF HOPE.

A Times's Albany dispatch says: Great hopes are entertained by the supporters of Lapham and Miller that these two candidates will be elected before the end of the week. Administration men are stronger than Saturday and will stand firm, while their opponents fear a break from Conkling and feel they will be powerless, should one or two of their number change their votes, to prevent a general leaping off the fence.

CONKLING WILL NOT RETIRE.

The report put in circulation that ex-Senator Conkling has written a letter retiring from the canvass for Senatorship is denied on excellent authority. It is said he will never retire.

Short term—Lapham, 68; Potter, 52; Conkling, 32; Fish, 1; Woodford, 1; Evarts, 1. Necessary to a choice, 78.

The chair announced no choice had been made and directed a vote to fill the long term vacancy.

When Sen Davenport's name was called he said as several members had voted for Sherman S. Rogers he desired to state that that gentleman was not a candidate by his consent. The vote resulted as follows:

Kernan, 52; Miller, 70; Wheeler, 21; Adams, 2; Chapman, 2; Fish, 2; Daniels, 3; Bliss, 1; Starin, 1; Evarts, 1. Necessary to a choice, 78.

Adjourned by a vote of 83 to 70.

PUGH HEARD FROM.

He is Held as a Captive by the Indians.

St. Louis, July 11.—Parties just arrived here from Chihua, Mexico, say that a paper was found in the road near the place Thomas Pugh was captured by the Indians when they attacked the stage, some 40 miles below ElPaso, several days ago. The paper bore those words: "Written by Mr. Pugh. Take notice. The finder of this is entitled to $100 on delivering it to Marmon & Co., Chihuhua. I am a prisoner among the Indians. Do what you can for me."

The paper is dated 3 o'clock in the morning. It is thought that if Mr. Pugh is in the hands of Victoria's Indians, he is being held as a hostage or for exchange for several Indians of that band now in the hands of the Mexican authorities at Chihuhua. It is further thought the Mexicans would exchange some Indian children they hold for Mr. Pugh, but it is doubtful whether they would give up adult prisoners.

A Valuable Darkey.

Baltimore, July 12.—A letter from Westminster, Carroll County, dated yesterday, says: "Robert Bell, colored, died in this City last night, aged somewhere in the eighties. His life was known to have been insured for a large aggregate sum, and his death and insurance policies were the chief topics of conversation to day. Quite a number are interested in the policies, and the whole amount is estimated at over $200 000. It is said that $174 000 has been taken on his life in the past two or three weeks, one syndicate investing $55,000.

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Best for TOILET, BATH, and SICK ROOM.

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For RESTORING GRAY, WHITE or FADED HAIR to its youthful COLOR, GLOSS and BEAUTY. It renews its life, strength and growth. Dandruff quickly removed. A matchless Hair Dressing. Its perfume rich and rare. Sold by all Druggists.

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A lovely tonic and Hair Dressing. It removes Dandruff, allays all itching, stops falling Hair and promotes a healthy growth with a rich, beautiful gloss, and is delightfully fragrant.

Price Seventy-five Cents in large glass stop Bottles. Sold by all Druggists.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

Toledo, Ohio, Wednesday, July 13, 1881.

Money in New York during the past week ruled at 3@4 per cent., with exceptional loans at 5. Prime mercantile paper steady at 3@4½. Sterling Exchange ranged at $4.86 for short and $4.84 for long. The movement in Government bonds was quite moderate within the week, probably because the investment of the July interest was anticipated. For the same reason prices lacked strength, speculators for a rise being disappointed in the small demand and offering their holdings to a light inquiry. Railroad bonds were not largely dealt in. State securities inactive.

When the Blade went to press last week, the excitement relative to the attempted assassination of the President was intense, and the uncertainty as to his recovery had a tendency to check the course of the dealing in stocks, but when the news became more favorable business at the New York Stock Exchange revived and a pretty active market ensued. Afterward there was a halt in the demand and advance, and the market settled down to a very quiet condition. On Friday there was more activity, but Monday and Tuesday witnessed another dull day.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the Blade say money is loaning at 3@3½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper at 3@4½ per cent. Bar silver, 110¾c. Exchange steady; actual business, $4.84 for long and $4.86 for sight. Government Bonds strong and a shade higher. State Bonds dull. Railroad Bonds in light request. Stocks since 11 o'clock—Speculation has been generally weak in tone. Manhattan Elevated fell off 1¼ per cent. and Manhattan Beach ½ per cent. Business is very high in volume and transactions are on a small scale.

Government bonds—1881, coupons, 102½; new fives, coupons, 103¾; new four-and-a-halfs, coupons, 114½; new fours, registered, 116¾; Pacific 6s of 95, 130 bid.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
Old Tennessee's	72	73¼	73	72	71	71
New Tennessee's	72	73	73	72	70½	70½
Old Virginia's	35	34	35	35	35	35
Va. con. 3's, df'd	17½	16½	17	17	17	17¼
Missouri 6's	112	113¾	111	111	111¼	112
Louisiana 7's	66¾	64	65¾	64	64	64½

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
U. S. 6's 1881....	103¾	103⅝	103	103⅛	103¾	103⅝
U. S. 5's, new....	102¾	102⅝	102¾	102⅝	102⅝	102¾
U. S. new 4½'s....	114⅝	114¾	114⅝	114⅞	114¾	114¾
U. S. new 4's....	116⅜	116½	116¼	116⅜	116⅜	116⅜
Sterling, sight..	486	486	486	486	486	486
Sterling, 60 days	484	484	484	484	484	484
Pacific 6's of '95	130	130	130	130	130	130

The statement of the Associated banks of New York for the week is as follows:

Loans, increase	$ 2,365,700
Specie, increase	1,312,900
Legal tenders, decrease	828,000
Deposits, increase	3,676,000
Circulation, decrease	27,600
Reserve, decrease	339,250
Surplus reserve, decrease	

The Banks now hold $2,852,050 in excess of legal requirements.

The bonds held by the United States Treasurer on Saturday to secure bank circulation, amounted to $320 471,200, of which $6,564,000 were currency sixes, $222,000 sixes, $19,020,400 fives, $92,714,500 4½s, $93,043 700 4s, $210,199,600 4s.

The receipts at Washington Saturday from revenue were $468 826, and from customs, $893,498. Bank notes received for redemption, $200,000.

Up to Saturday eight million of the sixteen million six per cent. bonds due July 1st have been received at the Treasury for payment.

The imports of dry goods received at New York during the past week were $1,255 822, and of merchandise $6,939,216; total, $7,295 138

The imports of specie at New York during the past week were $67,191, and the exports $200,000 silver.

DRY GOODS.

In the Eastern wholesale markets a comparatively good business was done during the past week. Seasonable goods of all descriptions have met with a steady demand. The cotton goods trade was without particular feature, the market being steady and firm at current quotations. In staple cottons the supply has been sold closely up. The mills are running on full time, with no supply in the hands of commission merchants. The indications point to a very active market in Fall goods. Manufacturers, commission merchants, jobbers and clothiers generally, are perfectly content with clear, steady selling, as manifested through the legitimate wants of consumers. Some mills have withdrawn their goods entirely from market, and many others are only taking orders for September and October delivery. It is said that June has shown more duplicate orders for Fall woolens than that month has done within the past 10 years. There is no doubt that July and August will not only witness a repetition of the same, but even show a larger business in this line.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The boot and shoe trade in Boston was quiet during the week just closed. The demand for split boots and shoes was moderate. The business in women's, misses' and children's pebble, grain, polish and polkas was fair. There was something doing in brogans in the way of new sales, but generally trade was slow. The movement in women's, children's and misses' kid, serge, goat and morocco was fair. The majority of calf boot and shoe manufacturers were in receipt of a reasonable amount of orders. There is still only a moderate business doing in New York. In Philadelphia a moderate business is about all that can be reported in either manufacturing or jobbing.

GROCERIES.

Telegraphic advices from New York say: Sugars are easy. Coffees quiet. Teas firm. Fruits higher.

The sugar crop of the world in 1880 was 3,429,988 tons, of which 1,357,988 were from cane and 1,565,000 beet root sugar. Cuba produces one-third of the cane sugar, and Brazil, Java and the Phillipine Islands about one-seventh, so that one-half the cane sugar of the world is grown by slave labor under the Spanish flag.

THE DEMAND FOR BONES.

Since te slaughter of cattle in this country for shipment to Europe has become a business, an industry has been established in Middletown, Conn., for the purpose of working up the large bones which are cut off with the feet. The bones are sawed off by machines particularly adapted to the purpose, the solid portions are made into buttons and knife-handles, the knuckle-joints ground up, and with the dust from the saws sold for fertilizing, and the small pieces of the hard bone granulated and used by gun and tool manufacturers in case-hardening. The bones are used while fresh, as they soon begin to color, and articles made of stained bone would not be marketable. The buttons, when made from the fresh bone, are whiter than ivory, and are sold under the name of "Sitka ivory." This single establishment received from New York during the last year no less than 1,300,000 ox shins, and the demand has increased to such an extent that the price has risen within a year from $21 to $32 per ton; but even at the latter price a handsome margin is left for the manufacturer.

WOOL.

The Boston Journal of Commerce says concerning the wool trade at that point: The market for domestic wool has continued unsteady, weak and irregular, with no settled conviction yet that the bottom has been reached in the decline. Manufacturers continue to base their offers upon figures obtained from the weakest and lowest sellers, but some of the heaviest buyers have had their offers refused for large lots. Prices are at least 1c or 2c lower than in our previous report. Sales of No. 1 Ohio fleeces have ranged at 46@47c; X, XX, and above, Ohio, 40@43c